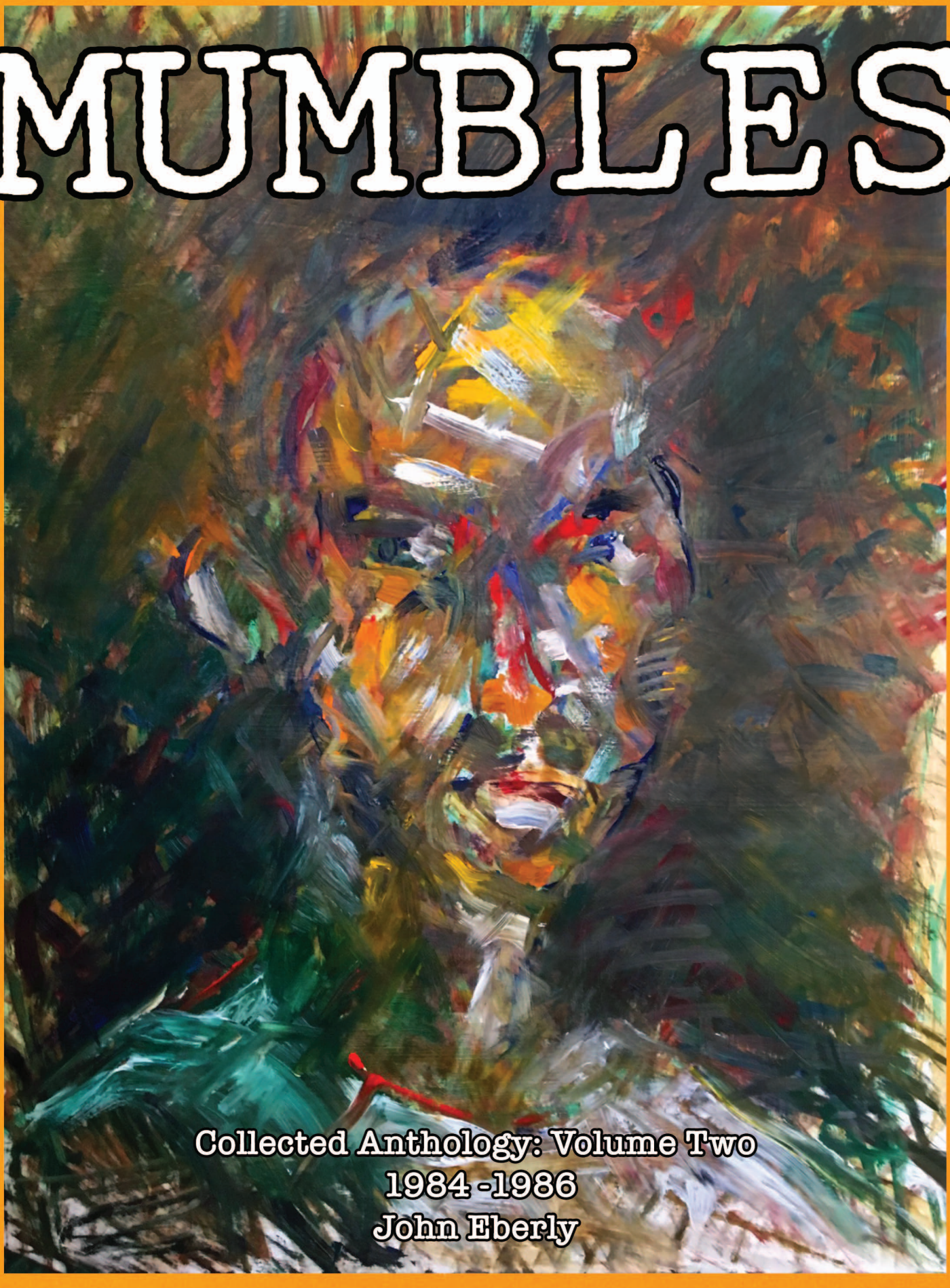
MUMBLES

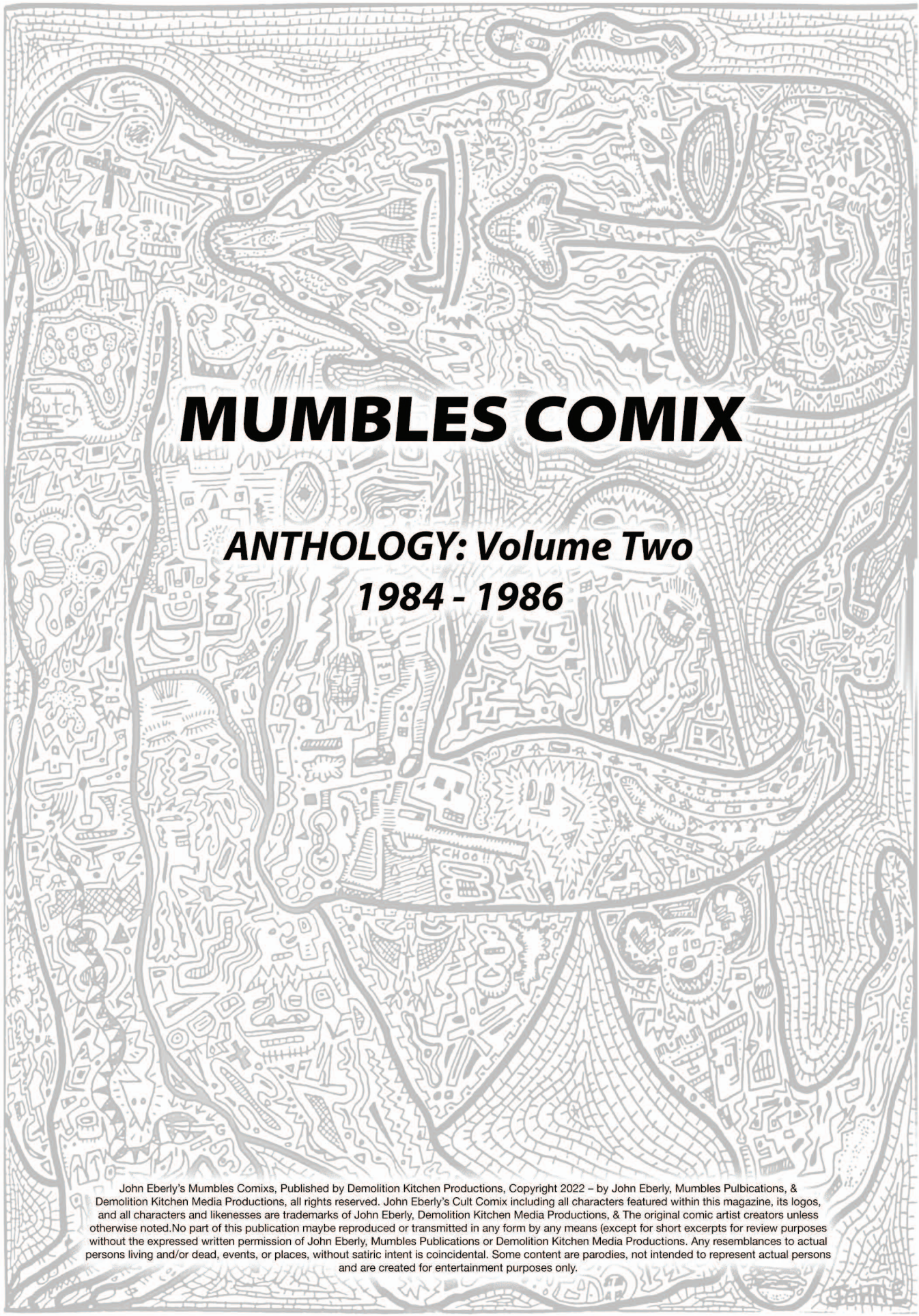


Collected Anthology: Volume Two
1984 -1986
John Eberly

YOU SEEN NOBODADDY?
NOBOY, BUT I BET HE'S LOOKING FOR YOU!

MY GOD...
YES.

ME?
I LOVE YOU
OH, NO
I AM BUTCH



MUMBLES COMIX

ANTHOLOGY: Volume Two

1984 - 1986

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THE SECOND COMING

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST CAME IN 1936 WHEN LARRY B. SMITH WAS BORN ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF A MEDICAL FACILITY IN WICHITA, KANSAS.
GREG BLAIR 1994

BY THE TIME HE WAS 13, HE HAD BEGUN HEARING DISEMBODIED VOICES THAT CLAIMED TO BE ANGELS.
PSST! HEY, KID!
WE'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU, KID!
HEY DUMMY! THROW DA BALL!
HEY LARRY! WAKE UP!

YOU'RE THE MESSIAH, LARRY!
GOSH! REALLY?
HE HAD NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THE VOICES, BUT WHEN HE TURNED 21, AN ANGEL APPEARED TO HIM AND TOLD HIM HE WAS THE MESSIAH.

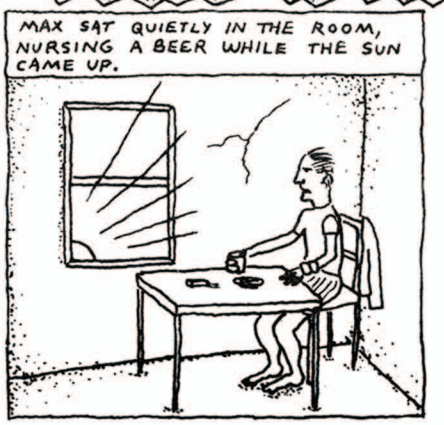
AFTER YEARS OF TREATMENT, LARRY WAS CERTIFIED SANE AND RETURNED TO SOCIETY.
I TELL YOU, YOU'RE HIM!
YOU'RE A DELUSION!
BUT THE VISITATIONS CONTINUED.

THE LIFE OF
OSCAR
©1982 Wilson
THIS IS A BRIEF CHAPTER 'BOUT A ORDINARY GUY NAME OF OSCAR, OSCAR ZILCH..
BASICALLY, HE WAS OKAY. HIS STRONG POINTS WERE HIDDEN.
HE LIKED TO THINK HE WAS GERMAN THAT HE HAD A STRONG HERITAGE BASSED ON THRU THE BLOOD OF COUNTLESS GENERATIONS. HE FELT A PRIDE & SELF ESTEEM.
ALTHO HE WASN'T
HE LIKED BEER, BUT ALWAYS DRANK TOO MUCH AND ACTED THE CLOWN/ASSHOLE ROLE.
TRIP
OOF!
HE FREQUENTLY WRECKED CARS..
GOT IN FISTFIGHTS
BASH!
BUSTED..
SQUISH
RUINED RELATIONSHIPS..
BROKE THINGS
HE WAS A FUCK-UP.
BELCH!
FIRST CLASS
EVERYONE ELSE KNEW
BUT HE WAS TOLERATED AS A MASCOT.
ONE DAY, IT DAWNED ON OSCAR THAT THINGS WERE NOT GOING RIGHT...
THINGS AREN'T GOING RIGHT...
HE TRIED TO FIND SOMETHING TO BLAME IT ON. HE TRIED HIS PARENTS..
BOOT!
AND STAY OUT!
HIS GIRLFRIEND
SLAM!
HIS JOB...
SEVERANCE PAY
YOU GET NOTHING!!
HE FOUND HE HAD LESS & LESS FRIENDS...
WITH NO ONE LEFT TO TURN TO, NO RESPECT, OR PITY, HE TOOK TO DRUGS...
SKWIT!
PUNK ROCK..
GRRR!
BUT AS THESE ONLY ACCENTUATED THE NEGATIVE, HE GOT IN DEEPER & DEEPER..
TILL HE REALIZED IT WAS ALL HIS OWN FAULT HE WAS A FUCKUP. WITH NO ONE TO BLAME NOW, A TREMENDOUS WAVE OF GUILT WASHED OVER HIM. THIS NEW SELF AWARENESS WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS NARROW MIND.
NOT HAVING THE EMOTIONAL CONTROL TO DEAL WITH IT HE FREAKED..
AAARGH!
HE KNEW OF ONLY ONE WAY TO FIX THE PROBLEM OF BEING HIMSELF..
BUT..
HE FUCKED UP AGAIN...
HE TRIED OSCARCIDE AGAIN... WITH A GUN..
TREMBLE
SMILE
THIS TIME HE DID BETTER
AFTER HIS RELEASE FROM INTENSIVE CARE, HE WAS PLACED IN A WARD FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE
AND HE SUCCEEDED IN CHANGING HIMSELF. HE NO LONGER FUCKED UP..
HE NO LONGER DID ANYTHING, FOR HE BLEW OUT HIS FRONTAL LOBES AND WAS A ZOMBIE..
AND THE WORLD WAS OK NOW FOR OSCAR..
BUT NOBODY CARED ANYWAY
THE END

MONA TO THE MAX

THE DAY AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE...

JOHN E © 1984



MAX WAS UNCOMFORTABLE AROUND LARGE GROUPS: A MISFIT, A LONER.
♪HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU!♪
HI EVERYBODY!
THANK GOD THERE'S THE KEG!
MONA!

MONA! I JUST LOVE YOUR PURPLE KNICKERS!
THANKS! ONLY $50 FROM NUVO WAVO! HEY, GET YOURSELF A BEER!

LINDA, A FRIEND OF MONA'S MAX KNEW WELL, MOVED TOWARD HIM AND THE KEG...
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' OVER HERE ALL BY YOURSELF SAD SACK?
HI RED! WHAT'S SHAKIN', BESIDES YOUR BOOTY?

WHAT, AND SUFFER THE WRATH OF MONUMENTAL MONA? ARE YOU KIDDING? WANNA SEE THE LATEST BATTLE SCARS?
OOOH, YOU BAD BOY, WHY DON'T YOU EVER COME BY ANYMORE?

SPARE ME, CHICKENMAN.., WHY DON'T YOU STAND UP TO THAT SHIT? YOU JUST TAKE IT, TAKE IT, TAKE IT.. LIKE YOU DESERVE IT OR SOMETHING...
MAYBE I DO..

BUT, I DRINK TOO MUCH... MONA CAN'T DIG IT, I UNDERSTAND THAT, I'VE TRIED TO QUIT, BUT I CAN'T..
I CAN'T BUY THAT... YOU'RE ALWAYS SWEET TO ME

NAW, SHE DOESN'T SEE THE DOUBLE STANDARD... THE WORLD REVOLVES AROUND MONA... WHAT SHE CAN'T CHANGE, SHE SIMPLY HATES.
HELL, MAX, SHE DRINKS LIKE A FISH! YOU EVER RIDE HER ABOUT IT?

RIGHT. EVERYONE'S ON GUARD.. AFRAID TO SAY SOMETHING THAT WON'T PLEASE HER.. I DON'T CARE ANYMORE, I JUST PLAY ALONG AND TRY TO SURVIVE.
AND SHE WONDERS WHY HER FRIENDS DON'T TRUST HER...

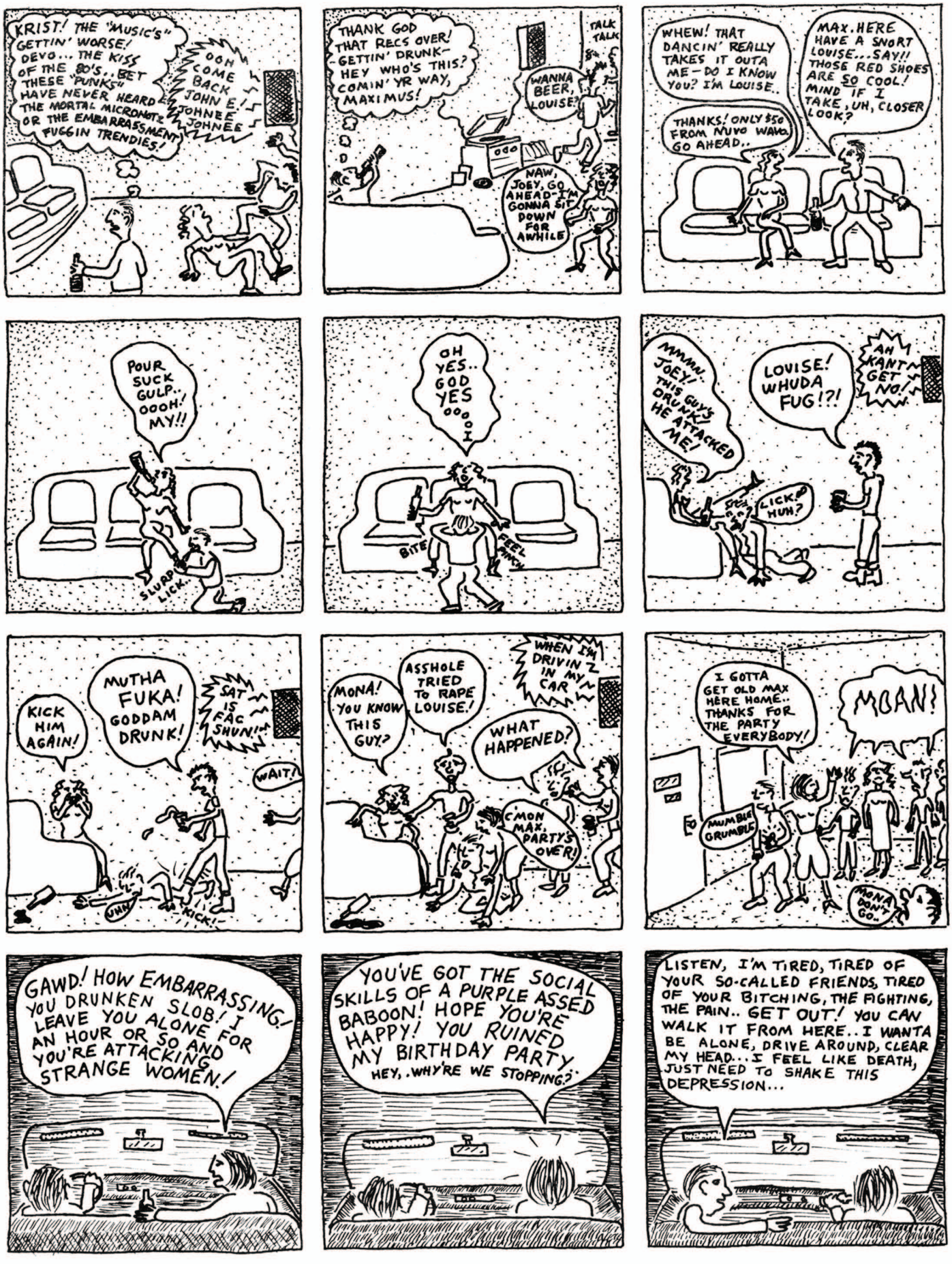
WELL, WHAT SHE DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT YOU... C'MON BY SOMETIME..
ALRIGHT..

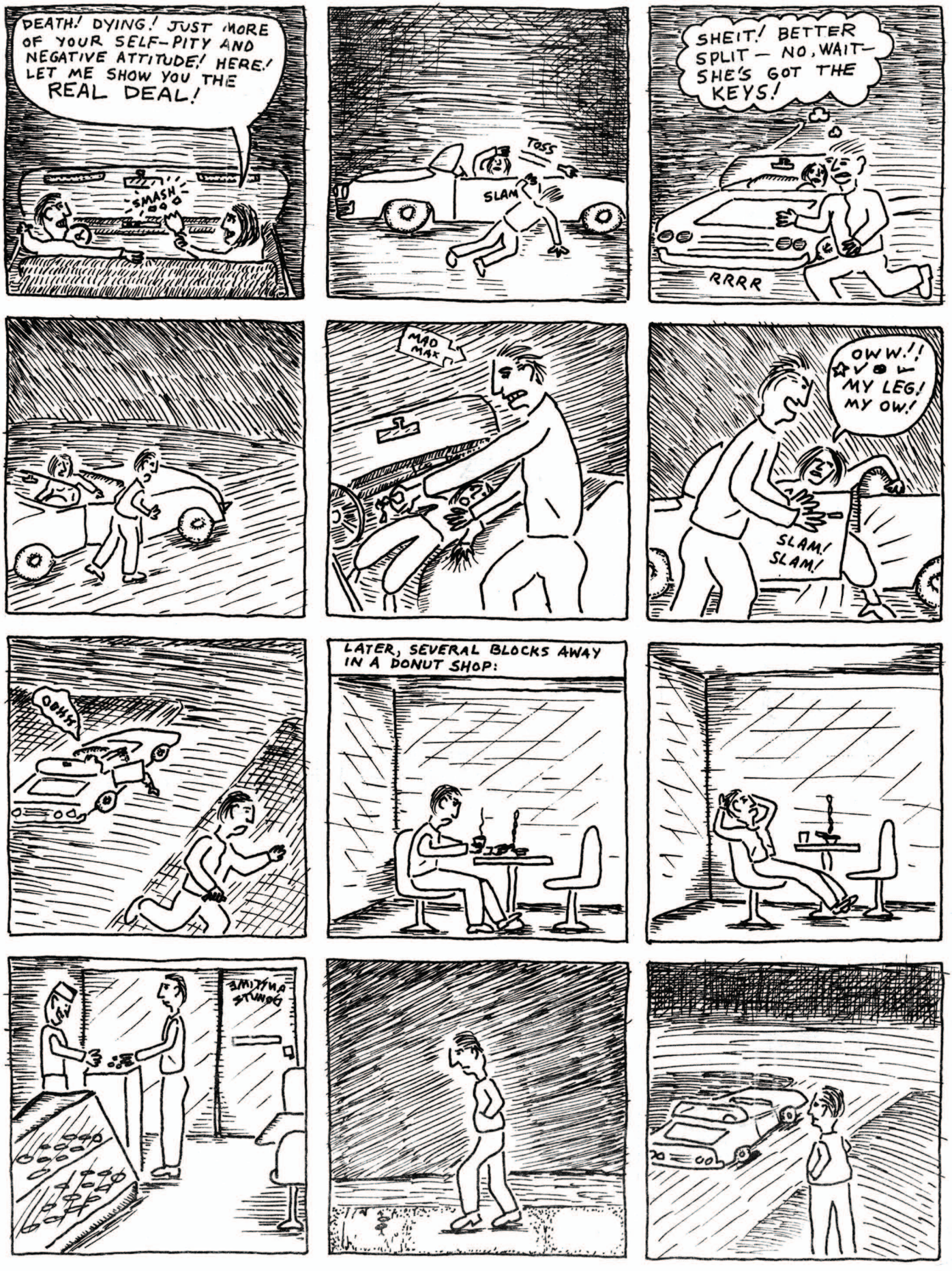
MAX GOT UP TO TAKE A LEAK
THROUGH THE MADDING CROWD..

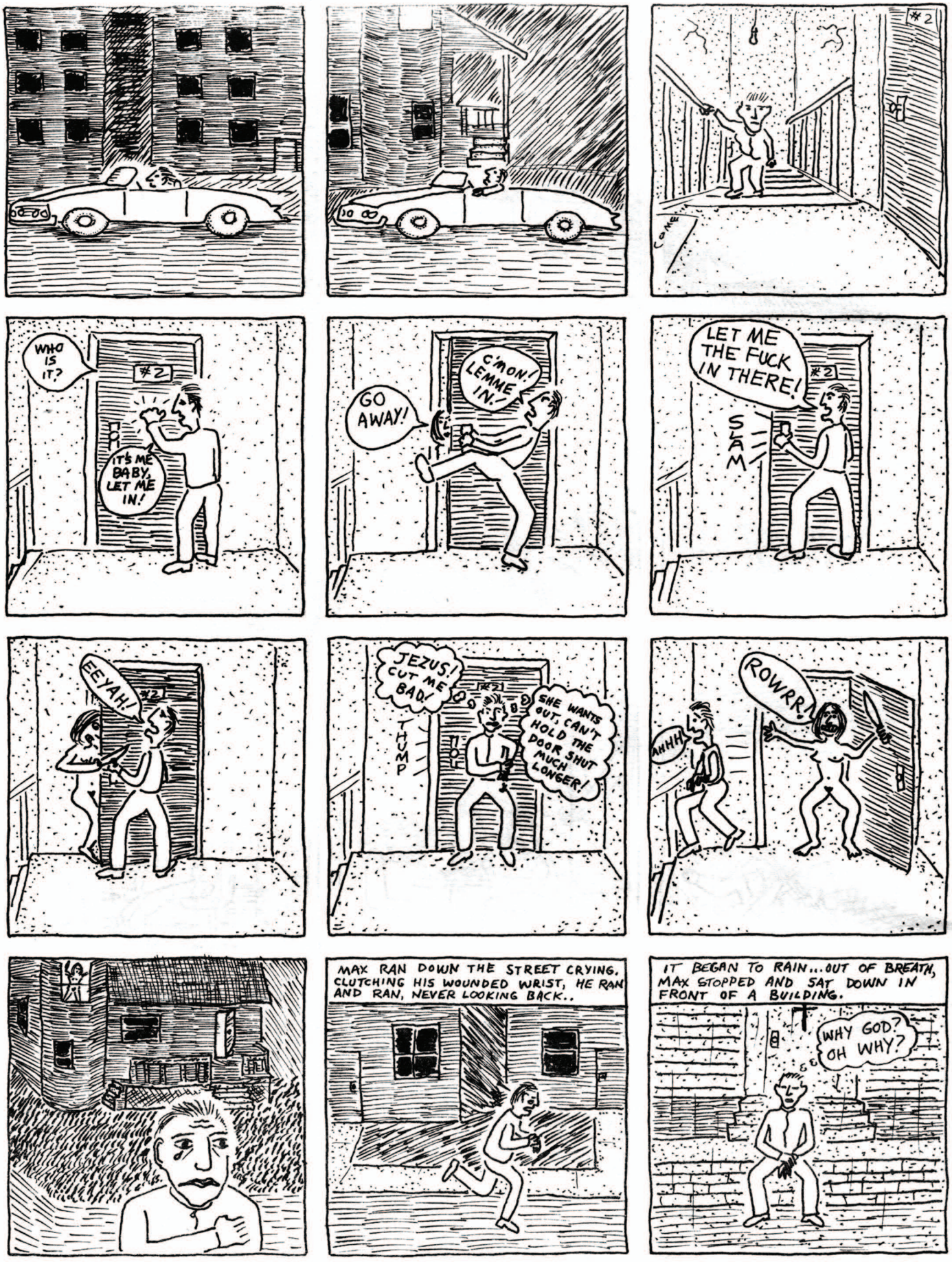
THE PARTY WAS GOING FULL BORE NOW.. MAX MADE HIS WAY THROUGH A ROOMFUL OF DANCERS
LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE MAX!.. I WANT TO LOVE YOU P.Y.T..
SCUSE ME

HEY! SOME FOOL LEFT A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY IN HERE WITH MY NAME ON IT!
YOU NEED SOME LOVIN! T.L.C. TENDER LOVIN' CARE

I'LL TAKE YOU THERE
KOOSH


KRIST! THE "MUSIC'S" GETTIN' WORSE! DEVO... THE KISS OF THE 80'S.. BET THESE "PUNKS" HAVE NEVER HEARD THE MORTAL MICRONOTZ OR THE EMBARRASSMENT FUGGIN TRENDIES!
OOH COME BACK JOHN E! JOHNEE JOHNEE
THANK GOD THAT RECS OVER! -GETTIN' DRUNK- HEY WHO'S THIS? COMIN' YR WAY, MAXIMUS!
TALK TALK
WANNA BEER, LOUISE?
NAW, JOEY, GO AHEAD-I'M GONNA SIT DOWN FOR AWHILE
WHEW! THAT DANCIN' REALLY TAKES IT OUTA ME-DO I KNOW YOU? I'M LOUISE..
MAX. HERE HAVE A SNORT LOUISE...SAY!! THOSE RED SHOES ARE SO COOL! MIND IF I TAKE, UH, CLOSER LOOK?
THANKS! ONLY $50 FROM NUVO WAVO. GO AHEAD..
POUR SUCK GULP.. OOOH! MY!!
SLURP LICK
OH YES.. GOD YES OOOOI
BITE
FEEL PINCH
MMMM. JOEY! THIS GUY'S DRUNK! HE ATTACKED ME!
LOUISE! WHUDA FUG!?!
AH KANT GET NO!
LICK? HUH?
KICK HIM AGAIN!
MUTHA FUKA! GODDAM DRUNK!
SAT IS FAC SHUN!
WAIT!
UMH!
KICK!
MONA! YOU KNOW THIS GUY?
ASSHOLE TRIED TO RAPE LOUISE!
WHEN I'M DRIVIN Z IN MY CAR
WHAT HAPPENED?
C'MON MAX, PARTY'S OVER!
I GOTTA GET OLD MAX HERE HOME.. THANKS FOR THE PARTY EVERYBODY!
MOAN!
MUMBLE GRUMBLE
MONA DON'T GO..
GAWD! HOW EMBARRASSING! YOU DRUNKEN SLOB! I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR AN HOUR OR SO AND YOU'RE ATTACKING STRANGE WOMEN!
YOU'VE GOT THE SOCIAL SKILLS OF A PURPLE ASSED BABOON! HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY! YOU RUINED MY BIRTHDAY PARTY
HEY, .WHY'RE WE STOPPING?
LISTEN, I'M TIRED, TIRED OF YOUR SO-CALLED FRIENDS, TIRED OF YOUR BITCHING, THE FIGHTING, THE PAIN.. GET OUT! YOU CAN WALK IT FROM HERE.. I WANTA BE ALONE, DRIVE AROUND, CLEAR MY HEAD.. I FEEL LIKE DEATH, JUST NEED TO SHAKE THIS DEPRESSION...


DEATH! DYING! JUST MORE OF YOUR SELF-PITY AND NEGATIVE ATTITUDE! HERE! LET ME SHOW YOU THE REAL DEAL!
SMASH
TOSS
SLAM
SHEIT! BETTER SPLIT — NO, WAIT— SHE'S GOT THE KEYS!
RRRR
MAD MAX
OWW.!! MY LEG! MY OW!
SLAM! SLAM!
OHH!
LATER, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY IN A DONUT SHOP:
SMITH'S STUMP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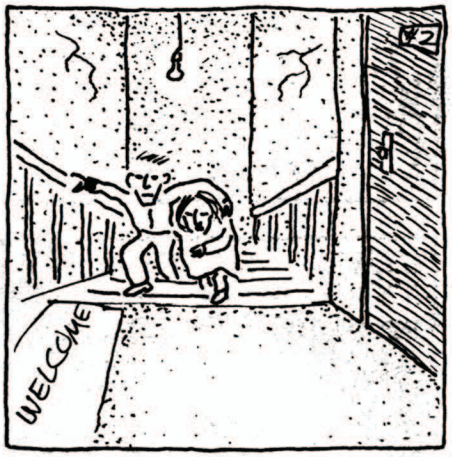
COME
WHO IS IT?
IT'S ME BABY, LET ME IN!
GO AWAY!
C'MON! LEMME IN!
LET ME THE FUCK IN THERE!
SLAM
EEYAH!
JEZUS! CUT ME BAD!
THUMP
SHE WANTS OUT. CAN'T HOLD THE DOOR SHUT MUCH LONGER!
ROWRR!
AHHH
MAX RAN DOWN THE STREET CRYING, CLUTCHING HIS WOUNDED WRIST, HE RAN AND RAN, NEVER LOOKING BACK..
IT BEGAN TO RAIN...OUT OF BREATH, MAX STOPPED AND SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF A BUILDING.
WHY GOD? OH WHY?

MAX SLOWLY WALKED BACK TOWARD THE HOUSE, JUMPING AT SHADOWS IN THE RAINY NIGHT
HUNH! OH, IT'S ONLY A SHADOW..

WHEN HE STEPPED ONTO THE BLOCK THEIR HOUSE WAS ON, HE BECAME EVEN MORE CAUTIOUS, WALKING IN THE STREET, WELL AWAY FROM THE TREES.

WAIT! DON'T RUN AWAY FROM MEEEE!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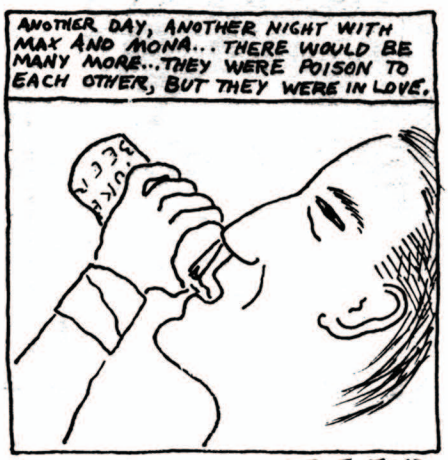
WELCOME


ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER NIGHT WITH MAX AND MONA... THERE WOULD BE MANY MORE... THEY WERE POISON TO EACH OTHER, BUT THEY WERE IN LOVE.

THE END

SLOBBA the IDIOT

©1984 by DOUG HOLVERSON

YA KNOW, AFTA FLASH DANCIN' FOR 14 HOURS YA KINDA SMELL FUNNY
I'LL GIVE YA A BATH!
NOW I CAN'T DO A THING WITH YOU
MAYBE YA CAN DRY OFF FAST IN THE MICROWAVE
?
POP!
DARN! I LOST A DANCER, 'LEAST I DISCOVERED A NEW SNACK!

THE ESSENCE OF A SPIRIT...

STORY: CHASMON DED
ILLUSTRATION: MIKE HONEYCUTT
© 1984

Perhaps it is within the mind that apparitions of humans exist. This thought, which I would once have passed off as a specious approach to the supernatural, has become my obssession. I run it through, I tremble then try to shake off my trembling and occupy myself otherwise. But I cannot persevere. I am infused with fear and cannot escape it. Sleep is my time of greatest horror-when that which I most dread wrests total control and visits me with visions which are normal in appearence but uncalled for, unexpected, not from my past. Somehow my thoughts are foreign, they reveal sense to me as they wish, repeated nightly or at random.

I cannot even wake at will. Back in my mind comes the command wake up- your thoughts are harmful- you endanger yourself- wake up! But instead I dream of waking up repeatedly finding that an impenetrable membrane seperates me from reality. After several tries I realize my entrapment and concentrate on opening my eyes. My whole body sweats as I vainly lunge for the control of just those simple muscles. Many times lately I awake, teeth clenched, bathed in acrid sweat, my body is tired, a pulpy feeling begins anew. Another dead day. The struggle for control of my mind seems to last and last--and yet it seems there is no enemy to die before I awake. Many times lately I have wrestled in suffocating sleep while my phone rings and rings- and I cannot gain control enough to open my eyes, let alone answer the welcome intrusions from the outside world. I am humiliated at my fear, what is it that is happening to me-insanity? Insanity seemed to be the only solution, and it seemed almost soothing for me to accept that diagnosis. But, although my fatigue, obsession, and inexplicably growing panic was causing some acts by me that I could accept as tainted by a lack of sanity; still I can not convince myself that actions like ceasing to move for five minutes or so, being in a trance like state-were not products of my problems rather than the cause. I was becoming deranged by something I thought, although I hoped to just lose my mind so I could recover. I wanted to just be insane but I could not convince myself of that soothing idea-it is difficult to convince yourself when you can't even control waking up.

After three months of this private torture I was exhausted to the point of illness; I was an insomniac, malnourished, irritable, and given to rages. I hated everything-why must I be obsessed with that which I was terrorized by, indeed. Irony can be a bitter hot flame. Visions of 38 year old children had been coming to me. Before only men in suits, women of middle age in aprons and maybe a few other normal looking people had appeared in my dreams, laughing happily, smiling warmly, sometimes crying, singing songs; some familiar, some unknown to me. They seemed to live in my mind-and I mean live a real life-like "Our Town". I felt infested then, and after enough repitition I developed a fear of the loss of control. Now though, it was worse, these 38 year old children, small, ovalur faces, childish eyes and features but with whiskers or breasts. And they always stated their age to each other. I have tried to enter into their conversations but I have no bodily presense in that world. I only exist to construct their world and watch them. I am the only one that is real-yet I am the only one who cannot live in this unreal world of my own out-of-control mind. Irony can be anything from a humorous coincidence to a grotesque death and my parasites seemed to be teaching me the crueler forms of irony.

Is this a ghost story, did these people need to float down stairwells to be apparitions or could they simply force me to construct their world and provide for them. It seemed that as I lost

cont...

vitality, as my will to resist grew limp, They multiplied and they changed. Everyone was there, some didn't appear some days-nights- and then weeks later drifted by, talking usually about subjects which I couldn't seem to understand-although I followed their words. My plight had become known to others-in the world which I had been carved from. I lost my job of course. I couldn't concentrate on drafting, on blueprints. The company fired me for not attending to my work. They knew I had slipped somewhere and wanted me out immediately. I couldn't fight-my job was important to me but I couldn't concentrate on it as an object to keep- I lacked the energy to do something. I frightened those I was around because I stared, didn't eat much, didn't take care of myself and yet would sometimes, as if released for a short time, burst into a demoniacal surge of physical activity- ignoring those in my way. I tried to act normal and I sure didn't want to frighten people. In fact, it was hard for me to understand others fear of me. I, who whimpered before sleeping now-although never really sleeping anyway-I was the one in fear-nobody needed to be afraid of me, I was totally in control by now- except for brief disturbing breaks when I tore about impulsively like a rubber band which has been twisted into a ball and released. The people sometimeswore masks and they were different now. An old child would tell everyone to leave and, when alone in a clear space, would masturbate emotionlessly. I didn't understand but couldn't ask because I had no voice. You can think of a question and so can I, but it didn't communicate to these people, my thoughts just hung-dead. My arm is broken, I don't know how it happened but I think I hit someone who was in my way. This motel won't be a home anymore. I have no more money. I know I have some money somewhere else-a bank where I was from. But I am too tired to remember more. It is warm outside anyway so I'm going there. One of the people is eating insects. She is three years old but her face is older-starved. Her stomach is fat but her bones show-starvation. Not like me though, I am not hungry, I am only skinny- although my broken arm is fat and it hurts, a welcome pain. I cannot ignore such children, although it once seemed so easy to do- effortless. They do not like my pain- it inflames my mind and their life is disrupted. The sun is always in front of me- my guide.

It is warm in the desert.

It is cold now. People with metal shining on them have picked me up. I now see that they are police. They keep asking me questions- I understand, but feel no need to answer. They will assume I am deranged if I answer or if I do not. They point at my arm, which I had forgotten. I knew there was pain there but it had been my friend. I can understand pain. It speaks to the people and to me. A language we both seem to understand. My arm is very large, it hangs revealed. As I follow their stares I see my shirt has lost its sleeve. I cannot move my arm. I try though and the pain surges.

Physical anguish alleviates mental anguish but all is pain now. I can accept the people. They do not understand though. The little girl's insects, now being eaten by many little girls, multiply anyway. They don't stay on the clear spot. No.

I can feel insects all over in my head. I cannot bear this and so I open my mouth and scream. It seems to help, the people look at me. The little girls get up and leave, except some remain, they are dead and I am relieved because the insects return to infest them. I can close my mouth now, but cannot because of cloth which has been shoved in it, forcing it mutely open.

They are dressed like the sun, all in white except their faces which

cont....

hover darkly above me. Doctors. My arm is gone. I am transfixed with needles and pain rocks me in subsiding waves.

I cannot move, the people, the needles and straps hold me down. I am pinioned. The people are active. The dead little girls, their skin stretched taut like vellum, are seething with internal movement. They smell. A very tired man points at the three little bodies and they are gone. He remains, he looks at me and weeps softly. Is he a friend? Does he know me? Can he tell me anything? I ask but am voiceless.

He speaks: We will be leaving".

I had not considered death before. I, now cleansed of pain, was sleeping and the people seemed to know. They were out. A 38 year old child was back, male. He was holding a little starved girl in his arms and chanting something. It was "again, again, again" on and on and he too looked at me, as did the little girl and she said nothing.

The doctors want to talk to me but my speech is not for them. They can answer no questions and I effortlessly close my eyes to their image.

They have me bound and pinioned, their captive they must think. But I can not concern myself with them. I know they imagine my insanity but I am possessed. I know.

The essence of a spirit is that it cannot be seen.

THEND

Just Another Nite
WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO HAVE FUN ALONE...
1982
JEEZ, IT'S LONELY TONIGHT. NOBODY AROUND. . . .
WISH I WAS AT SOME GIRLS HOUSE. SHE WOULD FEED ME AND FUCK ME.
I'LL CALL BEBA AGAIN. SHE'S ALWAYS FUN TO BE AROUND... C'MON, BEBA, ANSWER THE FUKKIN PHONE!
RING RING
SOMEONE HAS TO BE THERE. I PROBABLY OUT HAVING A GOOD TIME WITH SOME JERK. AND I'STUCK HERE...
FUCKING CAR DON'T RUN. NO MONEY. ALMOST OUTA CIG'S.
NEIGHBORS ARE HOME ACROSS THE ALLEY. WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DOIN?
PROBABLY FUCKIN IN FRONT OF THE TV, YEA
IT'S SO FUCKING QUIET I CAN HEAR THE DARKNESS BREATHE.
I'LL JUST PULL OUT THE EL CHEAPO COOKING WINO AND CHUG IT TO THE BOTTOM. I'LL FIND SOLACE IN THE EMPTY.
GAWD, I'M SO DEPRESSED. IT'S FUCKING COLDER THAN SHIT OUT AND I JUST WANT TO DIE. REALLY I OUGHTA JUST END IT AND SAVE THE TROUBLE OF WAKING UP TO ANOTHER TOMORROW. . . .
BUT IF I GO, I'LL BE DAMN SURE TO TAKE THAT MOTHERFUCKER EX-BOSS OF MINE TOO. AND MY EX-WIFE, THE BITCH. MAYBE BEBA TO.
BUT THAT ATTITUDE IS SO FUKKIN JUVENILE, SO TEEN. WHY SHOULD I SAVE MY GOD DAMN ENEMIES THE TROUBLE?
SOMEBODIES SCREAMING IN PAIN OUT THERE. WHY SHOULD I FEEL BAD? IT'S NOT AS BAD FOR ME AS A LOTTA POOR STUPID ASS HOLES I COULD NAME. AT LEAST I'M NOT LIKE THEM.
MANKIND IS CURSED WITH KNOWING HIS OWN MORTALITY.
WISH I WAS A DOG. DON'T GOTTA WORRY BOUT NUTHIN' BUT EATIN' & SCRATCHING FLEAS. EATIN' CATS TOO
WOOF
SKRIT! SCRATCH!
SPEAKIN OF DOGS, WONDER WHERE PIZZ-MUTT'S GONE?
THE MUTT HUT
I'LL RATTLE HIS DISH. THAT ALWAYS GETS HIM. AT LEAST DOGS KNOW WHO'S BOSS...
KLAK! KLAK!
WOOF WOOF!
THERE YOU ARE, YOU LITTLE SHIT!
MANS BEST FRIEND. HEY, WHERE YOU BEEN LATELY? CHASING BITCHES IN HEAT?
MUNCH SNARF!
PIZZ MUTT
NAW. I'VE BEEN OUT KILLING CATS. GOT 3 TODAY.
PIZZ MUTT, YOU'RE A BAD DOG! LEAVE THE CATS BE!
SPARE ME THE LECTURE, YOU HYPOCRITE! FIGHTIN WORKS UP AN APPETITE! WOOF!
SEE YA! THANX FOR THE EATS! I'M GONNA GO CHASE CARS AWHILE!
ALLRITE. BITE A COP FOR ME. STAY OUTA TROUBLE!
BACK TO THIS ROUTINE OF NOTHINGNESS
RING!
WHO COULD THAT BE?
HI, BEBA. HOW YA DOIN? ME.. YEAH, KEEPIN BUSY... TONITE? LEMME CHECK..
THE END

KRAZY KOMIX
By: Waltman ©1983
Inter-view
Ain't nuthin happenin
Ahh of a sudden. . . .
?
GOT A MIN-IT?
SAY Bud, hows about A little INSECT-O-GRAPH FOR This MINI-COMIC YOU STAR IN?
SCRATCH!
HOLD IT!
You can get copies of "Krazy Komix" from "Comix World," Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707, for 50¢ + 1 STAMP!
AND NOW FOR THAT INTER-VIEW?
SHEE-IT!

I'YAM DA SPIDER FROM DA KRAZY KOMIX... AND DIS IS MY STORY, OF DESPAIR AND GLOOM AND SIMPLE GLORY...

waltman ©84

It all started when I had my chance to BE A star in my own comic, but guess I blew it when I ate BAD Bud the Bug in issue 5.

As it turns out, the artist din't like what I did and decided to retaliate...

SO... YOU HAVE EATEN BAD BUD THE BUG, EH?

ULP!

SPIDER'S HAT!

BAM!

HA! HA!

I WON'T STAND FOR IT!

GOOD ACTING! MY STUNT MAN, OF COURSE DINT THINK SO...

NIGHTMARES OF THOMAS EQUINASS

I DREAMED I WAS OUT ON SOME RUINED MESA...
RUE IN MAY, SIR!
DREAMING THAT I WAS INSIDE THAT DIRE OEDIFICE...
IDEO
i.e.
DREAMING THAT I STOOD OUT HERE, BEYOND THE MESA.
ASSETTE
IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, THOUGH. I AWOKE AND LOOKED THROUGH THE GLASS...
I WAS DREAMING, YES...
AND SAW MYSELF OVER IN THE ROCK DWELLING...
HERE IN THIS NIGHTMARE
EXAMPLES
DREAMING I WAS IN HERE.
©84·J.RYAN

FALLEN ROCK ZONE
LOOSE STONE
ROCK SLIDES
ROCKS
SLIDE
URANIUM RODS
ATO

mumbles #4

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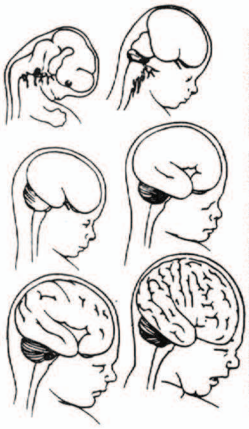
EXPANDED FORMAT! NOW 44 PAGES!!!!
INSIDE: COMIX, ART, FICTION, INTERVIEWS, MUSIC NEWS, ARTICLES, ADDRESSES, TORN DRESSES, RUINED LIVES, CONFESSIONS, DEATH, DESPAIR, AND LOTS MORE FUN!!!! IT WENT UP!
RATED "PG-13". THAT'S RIGHT, CLEANED UP OUR ACT! $2.50

MUMBLES #4. Lord love this land where jobless cranks like me can still afford to publish books like this that's found it's way into your livingroom once again! That is, assuming you still have a livingroom...no, I'm not sure if a cardboard house curbside even has one. In this age of auster ity I'm pleased to report that this mag is alive and well and more popular than ever! In fact, EVERYBODY seems to want in on it...and damn near everyone IS in this issue...oh yes, the more the merrier..in fact, my apologies to anyone who's not represented for one reason or other. I'm begin ing to understand the hassles a big time editor like Peter Bagge deals with at WEIRDO, though some body probably PAYS him for his labor of love..and HE doesn't have to foot all the bills...now,now Pete, you've paid your dues, and you deserve it, your a great artist, I love ya, now beat it... Okay, there have been some changes made to accommodate the 1985 MUMBLES budget. No groovy wrap around covers like I wanted...alright, I admit, this was to be the LAST anthology issue, still may be, but MUMBLES marches on! May come out as a mini or DZ size next time, may have only 4 or 8 pages next time, may return to a John E solo project, but I assure you all, MUMBLES WILL PERSEVERE so keep those cards and letters and MONEY coming.....until next time then, happy reading- JOHN E.

Intelligence is Pain by T.S. Child



Why are smart people always unhappy? Why do geniuses always end up committing suicide? And on the other hand, why are the most ignorant, thick-headed, pickup truck-driving, gum-smacking, beer-swilling morons always strutting around and grinning happily as if they were on top of the world? The answer to all these questions is the obvious one, the one everyone has suspected for centuries: intelligence is pain. Smarts hurt.

Of course, this theory has been around for years, but there has never been any actual, hard, scientific evidence to back it up. That is, until now. To the left are a series of drawings based on CAT-scans of the head of a developing fetus. Each drawing contains a cross-section of the fetus's brain. As you can see, the brain gets more wrinkeld up as the fetus matures. It was proven long ago that intelligence is actually contained in the cerebral wrinkles. The more wrinkles you have, the smarter you are. The older a fetus gets, the more intelligent it becomes, and the more wrinkled its brain gets. But if you look at these drawings closely you will see that the fetus gets less and less happy the more wrinkly its brain becomes. In the first three drawings, when its brain is practically smooth, the fetus looks very contented. But as the wrinkles start to appear it becomes sadder and sadder, until the final drawing when it is actually crying out in pain.

Conclusion: ignorance is bliss.

HOTTUBBING IN KANSAS
I KNOW YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO MAKE ME FEEL AT HOME, JOHNNY, BUT WE USUALLY ONLY DO THIS SORT OF THING IN THE SUMMER TIME.
I COULDA MARRIED A TRUCK DRIVER, EVEN A ROCKER, AN' I HADDA SAY 'YES' TO A CARTOONIST!
GINGER HASN'T MOVED FOR ABOUT AN HOUR NOW, YOU MEDITATIN', HONEY?
SENECA
UTICA
'GEERDES '84

WHY I CAN'T READ IN JOHNS by Chas Dedmon

Being neither a wealthy man, nor a foolish one, I have no professional opinions to buttress the obvious, however, there really is a problem. Judgemental types may already be guessing what the problem is- that is one reason why such people are asses.

I've never cared for judgemental people, and so many such ramrods make it their point to block my path. Paths, for I am as a polyp dropped from a great heighth to a steel deck below. I am flung into so many directions, so quickly, with so little thought I go.

Lessons, lessons, I take so many, but always seem to have another to learn. Eternally a student, inventor, multi part-timer..god knows I do everything, mostly legal but not entirely.

Change is unceasing to me, I strive for peace of mind and find it Nowhere else but in the john. I can relax there and sit, dreaming. What else besides dreams would one find in your garden-variety restroom? Why soft tissue paper, of course. And what brand would you choose for these private moments? Bounty, of course. Bounty is a tissue that feels so undulatingly supple that you'll close your eyes in glee and surprise the first time you use this "user friendly" tissue. You'll forget to read the walls, or any book you might have. Men and women, let me tell you- this is one soft item.

Yes people, it is true. This is not really the beginning of a short story, rather it is the end of an advertisement. It is our pleasure to do this. Buy Bounty tissue, so undulatingly supple that once you try it, you'll never fail to ask, with a entreating lilt to your voice:

"May I have Bounty, the user friendly tissue?"

And of course, you may.

Dream on.....

MUMBLES #4, January 1985. Published by John Eberly for MUMBLES PUBLICATIONS Wichita, KS

Additional copies are $3.00 each postpaid. ©1985, by John E, Steve Willis, Clay Geerdes, THE PIZZ, Bob "X", Joe Schwind, Dennis Worden, Jim Ryan, Lynn Hansen, Clark A. Dissmeyer, Bob Lewis, Tom Brinkmann, Mike Hill, Randy Paske, Bobby Pfeffer, Brad Foster, Michael Roden, Dale Luciano, Michael Dowers, Greg Blair, Scott Stevens, Peter Dako, Chuck Lipscomb, T.S. Child, Chas Dedmon, John Crawford, Ron Stallbaumer (photo credit, THE MUMBLES). AND: XNO.

Watch out pigs it's

Lil Rad!! ★Ⓐ

IN: The Lonely Struggle of an Anarchist Pee Wee!

I know what you're thinking and you're wrong! I am not a Quincy Punk!
Some of us care about the world and oppressed people!
And what happens? People hate us for it!
Why? Oh why?!
It's the heavy metal mentality God I despise their attitudes! I hope they all get drafted and die!
He's not afraid to think!
They're either with us or fascist racist sexist imperialist War Mongers!!
Mercy
It's "Lil Rad again Martha
Quiet clemmet he'll hear you
Dear God
Hoo boy
It's Dist-urbing!
OH!
I mean what if when I get older it turns out I'm gay? Won't I have rights too?
Bill-eeee! DINN-Ner!!
and uh uh-oh!
Gosh I hope dad doesn't make me eat my hot dogs again... meat is murder!!

©JCRAWFORD

THE BABY WITHOUT EYELIDS: A PARABLE

BY CAD

"OUR BABY WAS BORN WITHOUT EYELIDS..."

"HE COULD NEVER SHUT HIS EYES AND SLEEP. HIS CRYING KEPT US AWAKE EVERY NIGHT..."

EEEEWAAAANYAAEE

"THAT'S THE STORY..."

PLEASE, DR. BOWLSTÜCK, CAN'T YOU HELP US?!

I TINK I HAFF ZOLUTION...

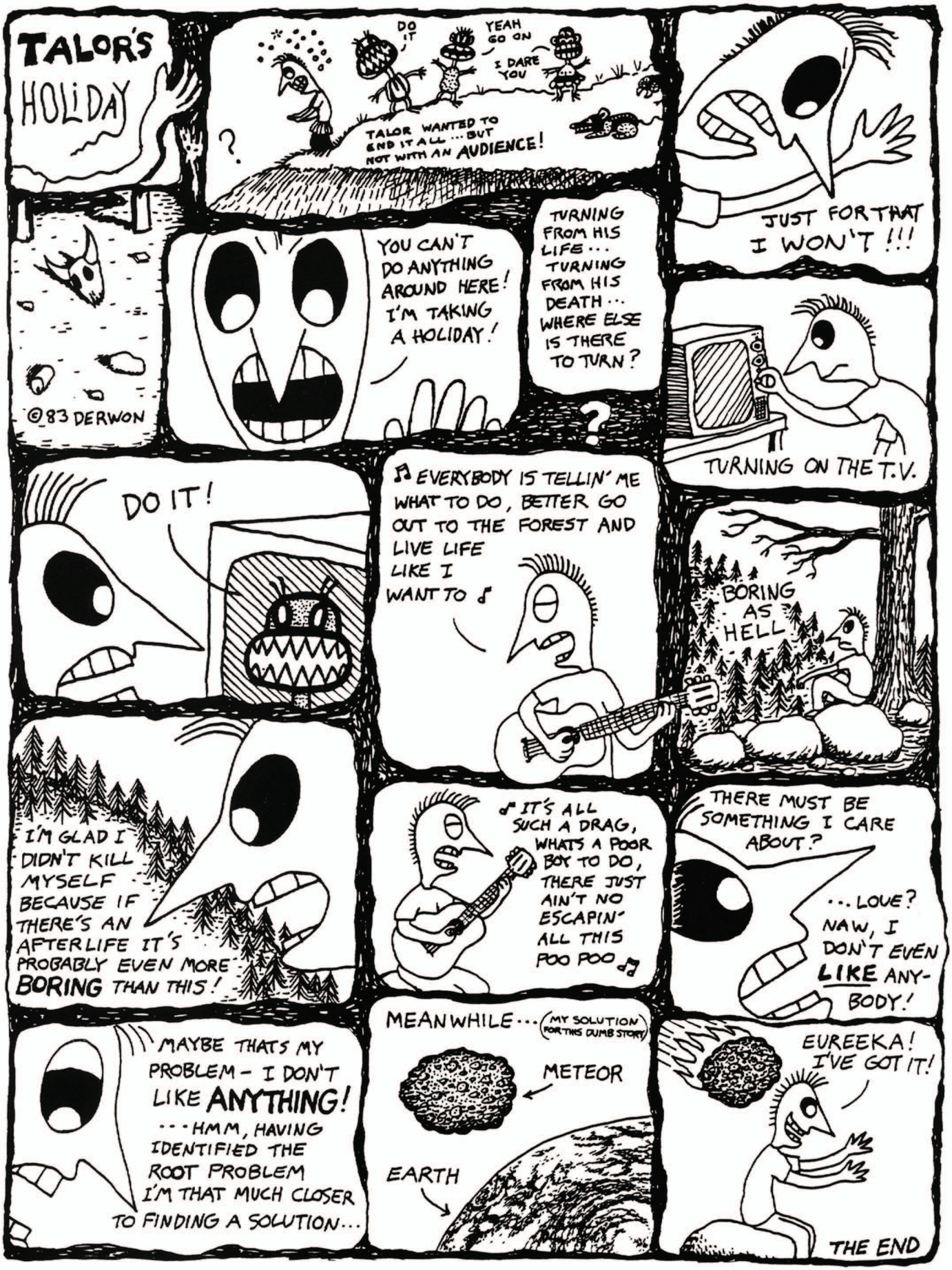
NOW FISHES HAFF NO EYELIDS, YET NO PROBLEM! I POSTULATE YOUR ZON TO BE A FISH, ZO —

FISHES

WHEN NIGHT HAD DESCENDED ON THE COUPLE'S LAKE SIDE HOME...

"NOW YOU SEE? HE WAS YUST PININ' FOR HIS HOME IN DER BRINY DEEP!"

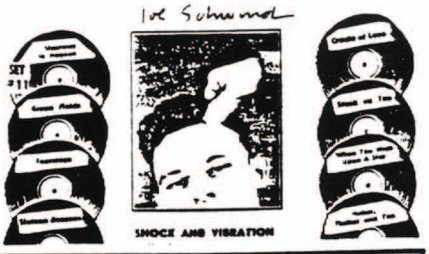
-finis-


TALOR'S HOLIDAY
DO IT
YEAH GO ON
I DARE YOU
TALOR WANTED TO END IT ALL ... BUT NOT WITH AN AUDIENCE!
JUST FOR THAT I WON'T !!!
YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING AROUND HERE! I'M TAKING A HOLIDAY!
TURNING FROM HIS LIFE... TURNING FROM HIS DEATH... WHERE ELSE IS THERE TO TURN?
©83 DERWON
TURNING ON THE T.V.
DO IT!
♫ EVERYBODY IS TELLIN' ME WHAT TO DO, BETTER GO OUT TO THE FOREST AND LIVE LIFE LIKE I WANT TO ♫
BORING AS HELL
I'M GLAD I DIDN'T KILL MYSELF BECAUSE IF THERE'S AN AFTERLIFE IT'S PROBABLY EVEN MORE BORING THAN THIS!
♫ IT'S ALL SUCH A DRAG, WHAT'S A POOR BOY TO DO, THERE JUST AIN'T NO ESCAPIN' ALL THIS POO POO ♫
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CARE ABOUT?
... LOVE? NAW, I DON'T EVEN LIKE ANY-BODY!
MAYBE THAT'S MY PROBLEM - I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING! ... HMM, HAVING IDENTIFIED THE ROOT PROBLEM I'M THAT MUCH CLOSER TO FINDING A SOLUTION...
MEANWHILE... (MY SOLUTION FOR THIS DUMB STORY)
METEOR
EARTH
EUREEKA! I'VE GOT IT!
THE END

Electroccultica

Valentine Phlox carelessly applied a globule of Angst Salve to the radburns suffered at the Cranial Wind Party. Twilight was approaching, an evening of musique moderne beckoned. Valentine was an Electroccultist, a devotee of magnetic bands. His attitude was ambivalent; his styling, heavily serene; his nostrils, flared and sniffing at the promise of the night.

Valentine boarded an Intrepid Cruelscooter that heaved through the bowels of New Berlin to Spitnipple Hall, locale of the monthly mechfest.



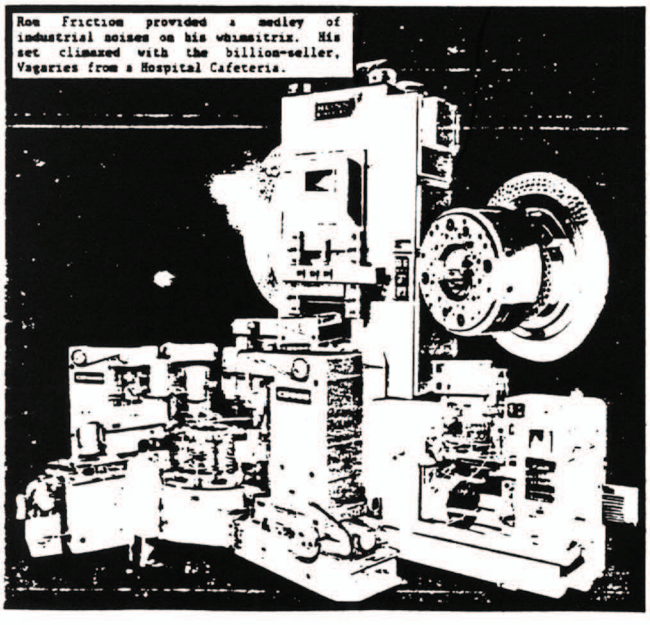
Nervous rhythms stirred the crowd from tonal inertia. Crania and genitalia were slick with Nibulux, a fashionable sensory enchancement cream. Lips and fingers tingled and sparked; mentation became a murmur. A series of simuthunderclaps opened the show.

A word from J. B. S. Haldane:
A SHOCKER
Battle of the Electromagnetic Bands
THIS IS MY PROCLAMATION FOR THE FUTURE, WHATEVER HASN'T HAPPENED WILL HAPPEN! AND NO ONE WILL BE SAFE FROM IT!
in an Ideal
All-Year Climate

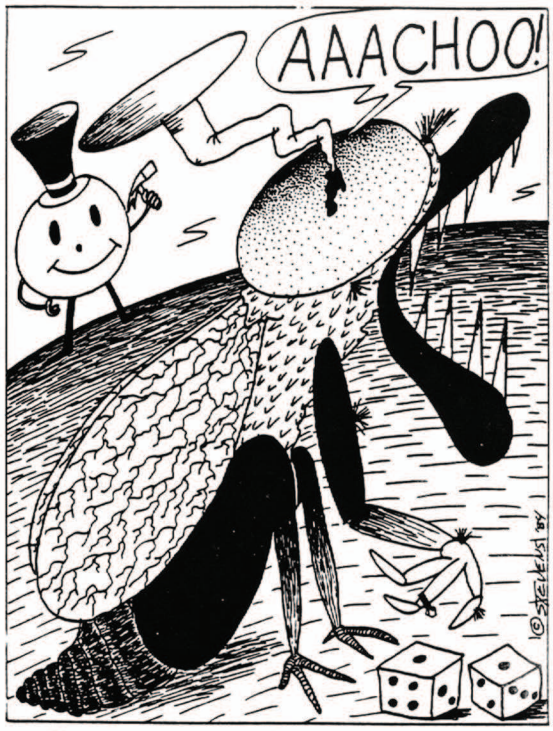
Svelte Kachinka Smid delivered what had become the anthem of the emergant sub-strata. Her monotonous drone was augmented by ingenious Icelandic implants.

Guy Kross showed unusual dexterity on the basic binabulator, whipping the crowd into an hysterical frenzy with an extended version of The Pilgrimage of the Virgin Sparks.

Roe Friction provided a medley of industrial noises on his whimsitrix. His set climaxed with the billion-seller, Vagaries from a Hospital Cafeteria.



THE SICK MUSE
THE MUSIC CONNECTION
by JOHN E



AH. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "WHAT'S THIS? NOW HE THINKS HE'S A MUSIC CRITIC?" NAW, SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, IT'S JUST THAT WHILE COMPILING THIS ISSUE OF **MUMBLES** I NOTICED SOMETHING SIMILAR CROPPING UP AMONGST SOME OF THE CONTRIBUTORS.. A.., UH, MUSICAL BENT, SO TO SPEAK.. SINCE THE ART/MUSIC WORLDS HAVE TRADITIONALLY OVERLAPPED THIS MAY NOT SEEM SO SURPRISING TO A LOT OF **MUMBLES**' MORE WORLDLY READERS, HOWEVER, WHAT I FIND INTERESTING IS THAT SUCH A DIVERSE GROUP OF ARTISTS ALSO PRODUCE A WIDE AND VARIED RANGE OF MUSIC. EVERYTHING FROM "BLUEGRASS" TO "INDUSTRIAL" CAN BE FOUND HERE, WITH LOTS OF MUTANT ROCK AND ROLL IN BETWEEN.

MICHAEL DOWERS HEADS UP **THE WILD ROSE STRING-BAND** ON GUITAR. THIS QUINTET FROM SEATTLE HAS BEEN AROUND FOR QUITE AWHILE, AND ENJOY A POPULAR REPUTATION AS A DANCE BAND IN AND AROUND THEIR AREA.

PETER DAKO IS IN A BAND NAMED AFTER HIS EXCELLENT COMIX **CASUAL CASUAL** (OR IS IT VICE VERSA?). THOUGH I HAVEN'T HEARD IT, THEY HAVE A TAPE AVAILABLE AND ARE THE "HOUSE BAND" IN A BAR IN TORONTO.

SCOTT STEVENS INFORMS ME HIS NEW BAND THE **PEYOTE COWBOYS** ARE REHEARSING. JUDGING BY THE NAME - THO THAT AIN'T FAIR - I'D VENTURE TO GUESS THEY FALL INTO THE COUNTRYFIED PSYCHO HARDCORE VEIN... TAPE FORTHCOMING.

MIKE RODEN AND **BOB "X"**s BROTHER, **JOHNNY PRIMITIVE** HAVE A TAPE OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC AVAILABLE FROM 3043 "A" CLEMENT St., SAN FRANCISCO CA 94121. DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, BUT I THINK MIKE'S A **TANGERINE DREAM** FAN...

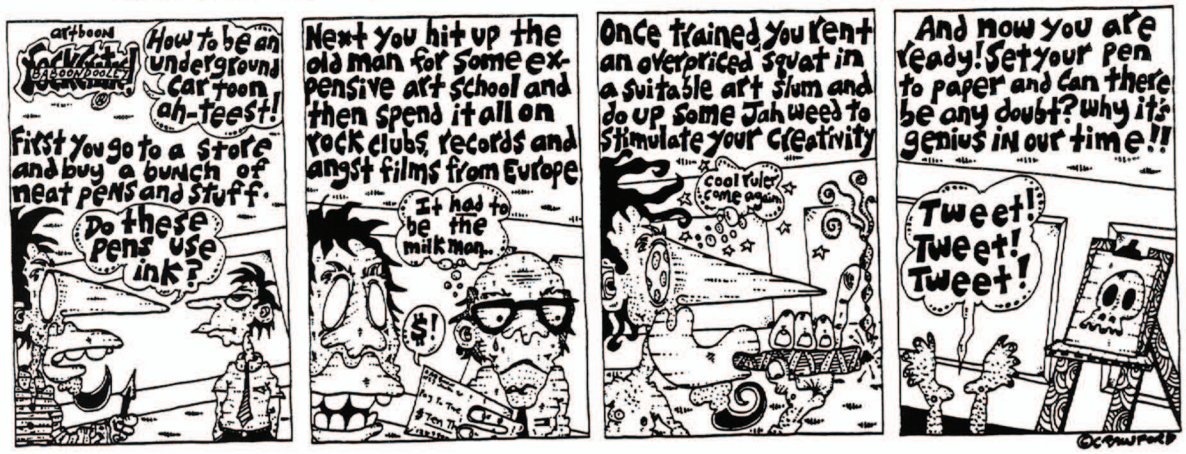
CLARK DISSMEYER AND **MARC MEYERS** HAVE A TAPE OF EXPERIMENTAL MUSICS AVAILABLE. CLARK'S A SERIOUS PIANIST AND MARC HELPS PUT OUT **NO COM** ↗

THE MUMBLES

MERCIAL POTENTIAL, AN "ALTERNATIVE" MUSIC ZINE FROM P.O.B. 3531, OMAHA, NE 68103.

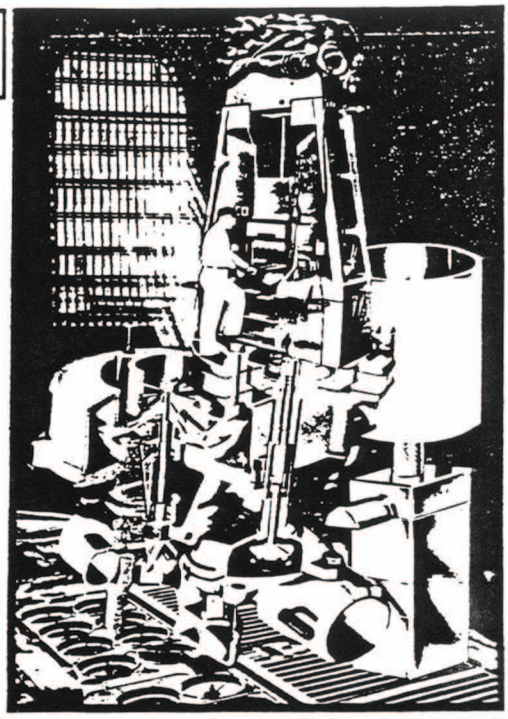
MIKE HONEYCUTT HAS HIS OWN RADIO SHOW AND MAKES EXPERIMENTAL "INDUSTRIAL" TAPES. THE ONE I HAVE IS TITLED **MYSTERY HEARSAY** AND FEATURES SONIC BLASTS AND SUBTLE INTERLUDES. AN ENJOYABLE, THOUGHTFUL LISTENING EXPERIENCE, AT TIMES OF NIGHTMARISH PROPORTIONS.

THE MUMBLES HAVE REUNITED AFTER A FIFTEEN YEAR HIATUS WITH YOURS TRULY ON "VOCALS", KEN ON GUITAR, DALE ON BASS, AND RON ON DRUMS. LEANING TOWARD ROCK AND ROLL OF THE "PRIMAL SCREAM" VARIETY, FAST AND LOUD RULES THOUGH WE DO A MEAN RENDITION OF **POLK SALAD ANNIE** FOR ALL YOU PURISTS. A 60 MINUTE TAPE: **LIVE IN THE SHED** IS AVAILABLE FROM THE MUMBLES PUBLICATIONS ADDRESS: P.O.B. 7243, WICHITA, KS 67218. WHERE I DIDN'T LIST AN ADDRESS ABOVE, CHECK THE ADDS AND ADDRESSES PAGES IN THE BACK OF THIS BOOK. FIGURE ON SENDING $5.00 OR $6.00 PER WHEN ORDERING ANY OF THE TAPES MENTIONED HERE.


artboon
How to be an underground cartoon ah-teest!
First you go to a store and buy a bunch of neat pens and stuff.
Do these pens use ink?
Next you hit up the old man for some expensive art school and then spend it all on rock clubs, records and angst films from Europe
It had to be the milk man..
$!
Once trained you rent an overpriced squat in a suitable art slum and do up some Jah weed to stimulate your creativity
cool ruler come again
And now you are ready! Set your pen to paper and can there be any doubt? why it's genius in our time!!
Tweet! Tweet! Tweet!
©CRUMB

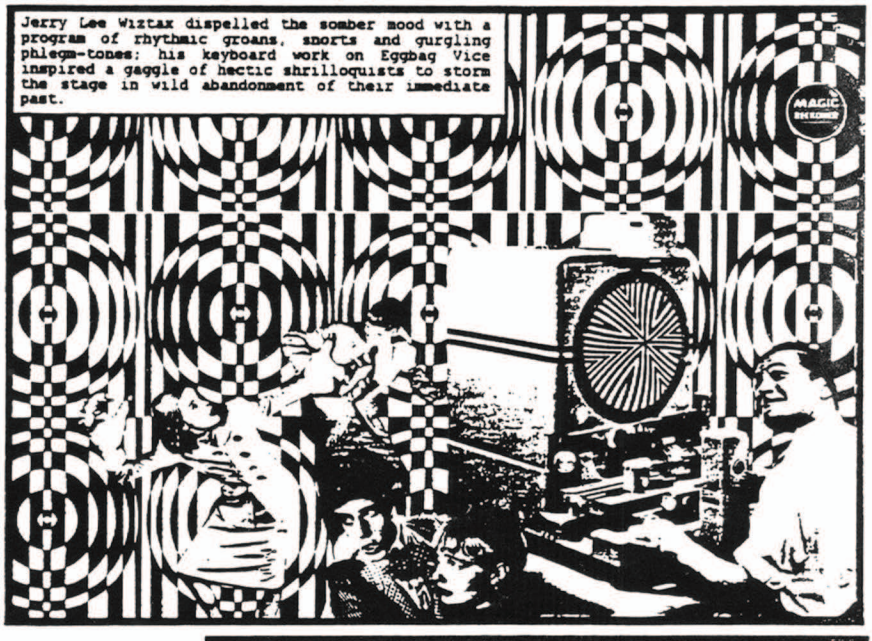
Rexroy the Accorditron and the Sweet Little Satin Bottoms performed a series of substandards. Several members of the audience rose to their feet to polkshuffle. The Noxigas machine belched into action.

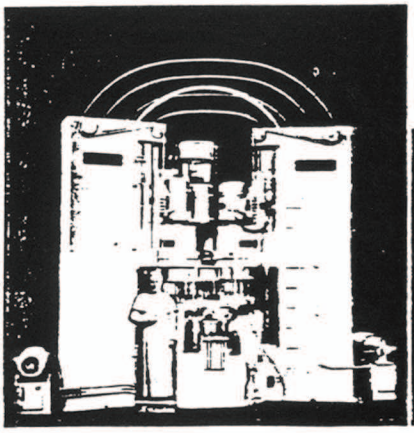
The Gregorian Power Plant was played to perfection by the "Mad Monk of Constantinople," Brother Max Swoosh. The throng was overcome with hysterical reverence.



Loud squabbles and chance meetings broke out as the Noxigas took hold. Dutch Reether toiled on the Adrenal Clamxiner for 55 minutes, playing his "Statistical Variance: 2 Kinds of People."

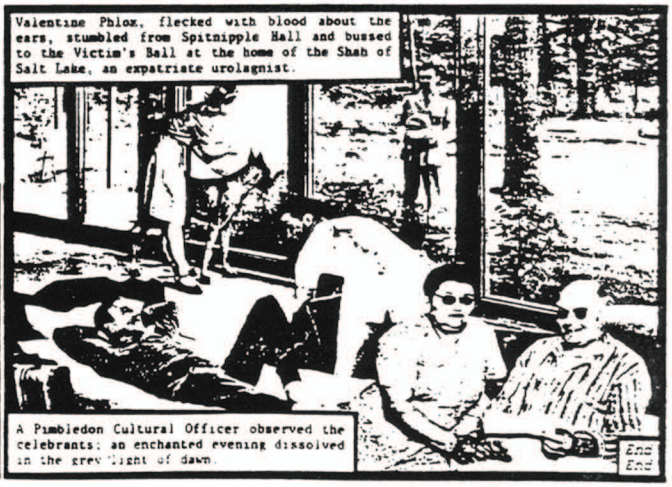
Jerry Lee Wiztax dispelled the somber mood with a program of rhythmic groans, snorts and gurgling phlegm-tones; his keyboard work on Eggbag Vice inspired a gaggle of hectic shrilloquists to storm the stage in wild abandonment of their immediate past.





Professor Lewis Smart closed the show on the classic Magic Twanger. His plucking was splendid; the convulsive crowd was exhausted.

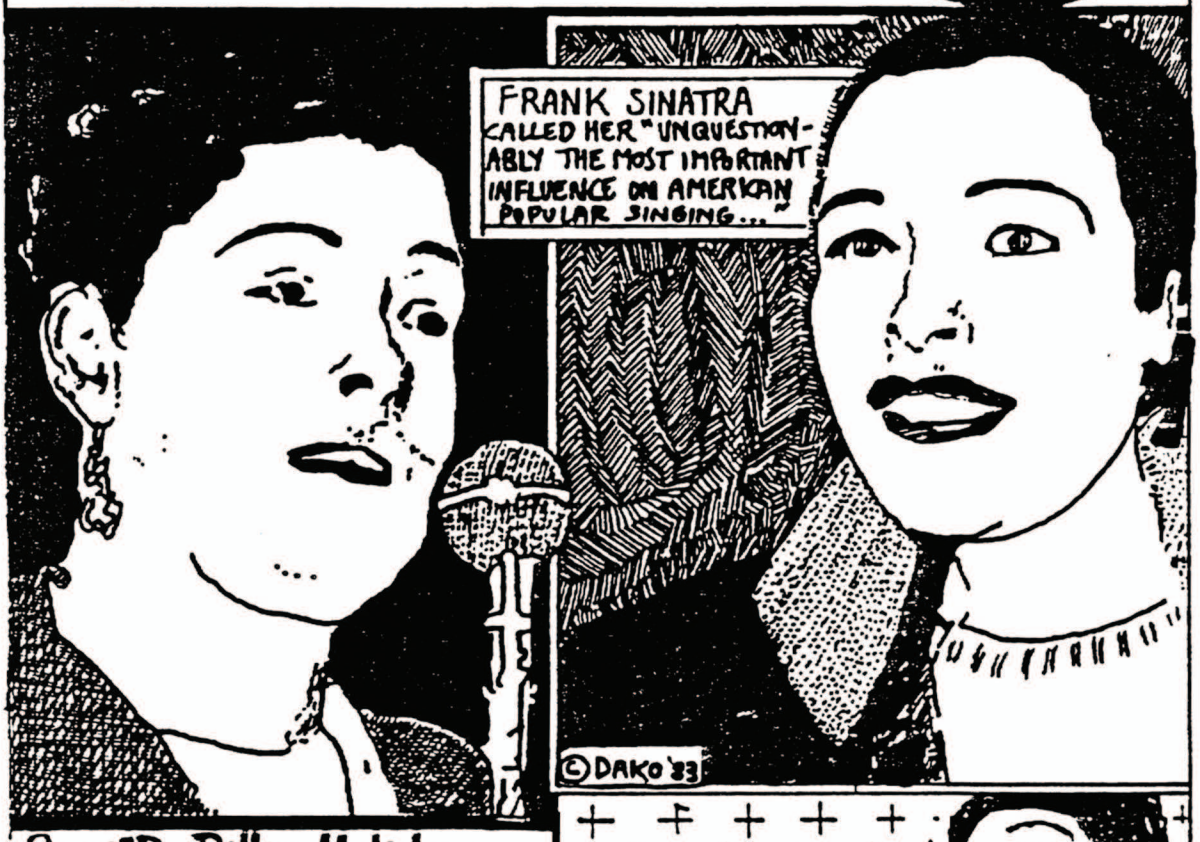
Valentine Phlox, flecked with blood about the ears, stumbled from Spitnipple Hall and bussed to the Victim's Ball at the home of the Shah of Salt Lake, an expatriate urologist.



A Pimbledon Cultural Officer observed the celebrants: an enchanted evening dissolved in the grey light of dawn.

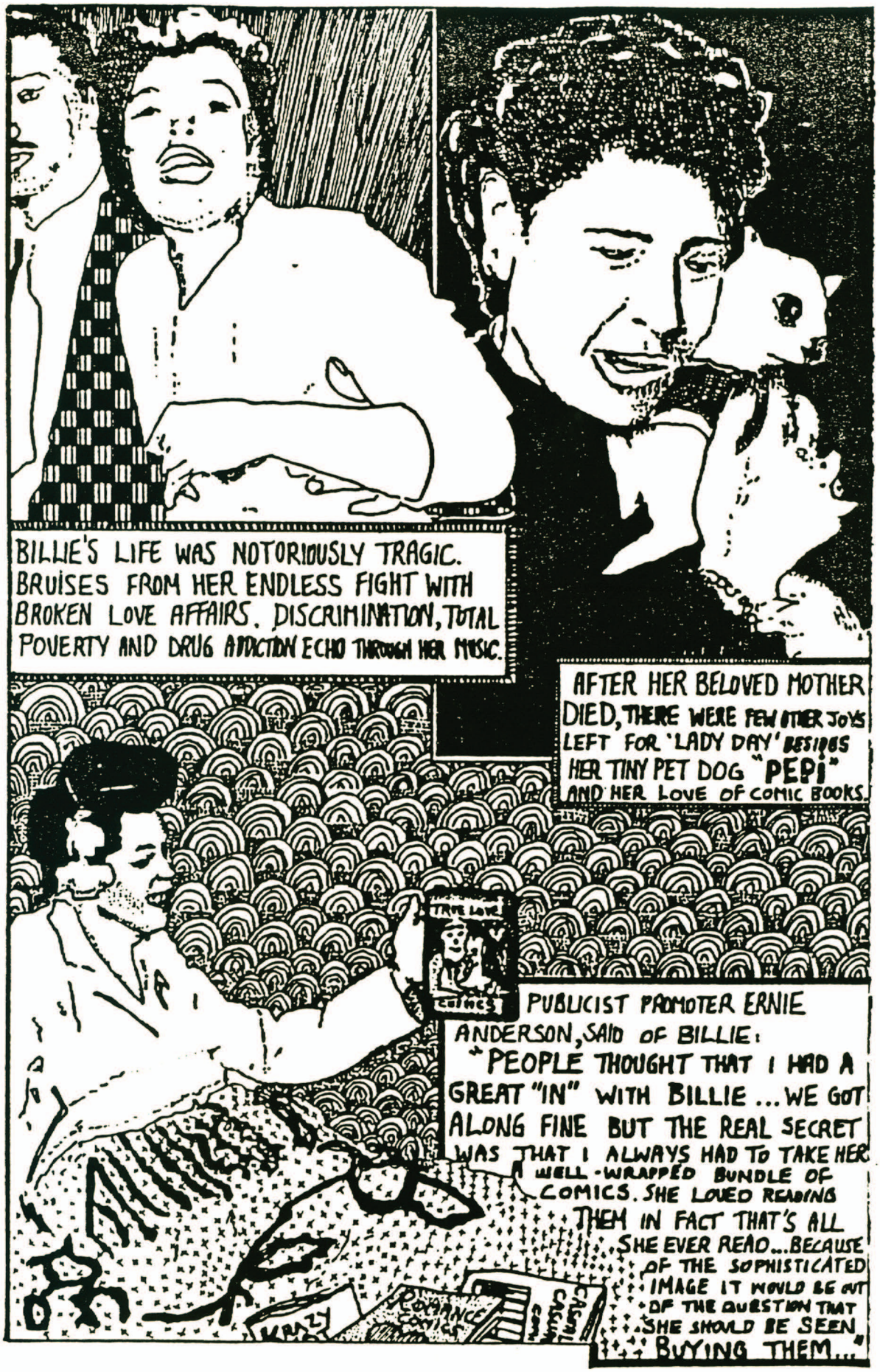
End
End

private life LADY DAY



SINGER Billie Holiday was born "ELEANORA" in BALTIMORE in 1915... SHE TOOK THE NAME OF HER FAVOURITE 20's Movie STAR "MISS BILLIE DOVE."

TENOR SAX GREAT LESTER YOUNG GAVE HER THE TITLE "LADY DAY" BECAUSE SHE WAS TOO MUCH OF A LADY TO SHOW HER BODY FOR TIPS LIKE OTHER SINGERS


BILLIE'S LIFE WAS NOTORIOUSLY TRAGIC. BRUISES FROM HER ENDLESS FIGHT WITH BROKEN LOVE AFFAIRS. DISCRIMINATION, TOTAL POVERTY AND DRUG ADDICTION ECHO THROUGH HER MUSIC.
AFTER HER BELOVED MOTHER DIED, THERE WERE FEW OTHER JOYS LEFT FOR 'LADY DAY' BESIDES HER TINY PET DOG "PEPI" AND HER LOVE OF COMIC BOOKS.
TRUE LOVE
COMICS
PUBLICIST PROMOTER ERNIE ANDERSON, SAID OF BILLIE:
"PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT I HAD A GREAT "IN" WITH BILLIE ... WE GOT ALONG FINE BUT THE REAL SECRET WAS THAT I ALWAYS HAD TO TAKE HER WELL-WRAPPED BUNDLE OF COMICS. SHE LOVED READING THEM IN FACT THAT'S ALL SHE EVER READ ... BECAUSE OF THE SOPHISTICATED IMAGE IT WOULD BE OUT OF THE QUESTION THAT SHE SHOULD BE SEEN BUYING THEM..."
KRAZY
ROMANCE COMICS
CASH

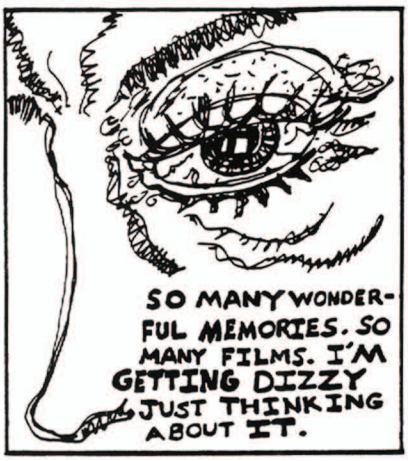
"McRONALD'S IS YOUR KIND OF WASTE" ©84 M.HILL

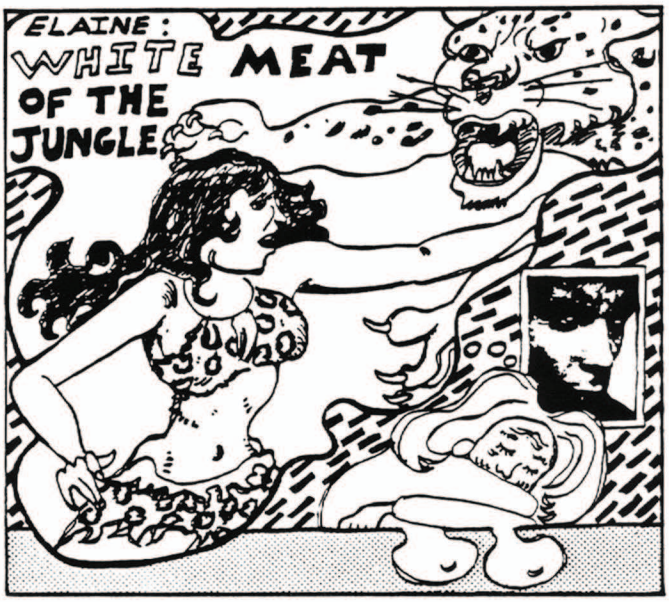
CIVIL WAR IN EL BAPTISMO, AND GUESS WHO LOSES?
ESCUE!
BUT WHAT'S THIS?
RRRRRRR
IT'S DARNOLD McRONALD! YAY!
¡COMESTEMOS!
HEY, KIDS! START YOUR COLLECTION OF McRONALD'S "FAMOUS REVOLUTIONARIES" TUMBLERS..... TODAY!
FOCK
WELL, DARNOLD, NOW WE CAN RELAX! THANX TO YOUR INTERVENTION, THE REBEL LEADERS ARE NOW "INACTIVE" AND THE PEASANTS CAN GO BACK TO THEIR JOBS ON THE BANANA PLANTATION!
YES, IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL AT McRONALD'S! HEY, FEDERALES! NOW YOU CAN GET MY FAMOUS "GUN MEAL" AT HALF-PRICE OUTSIDE THE U.S!
"WHERE'S THE END?"

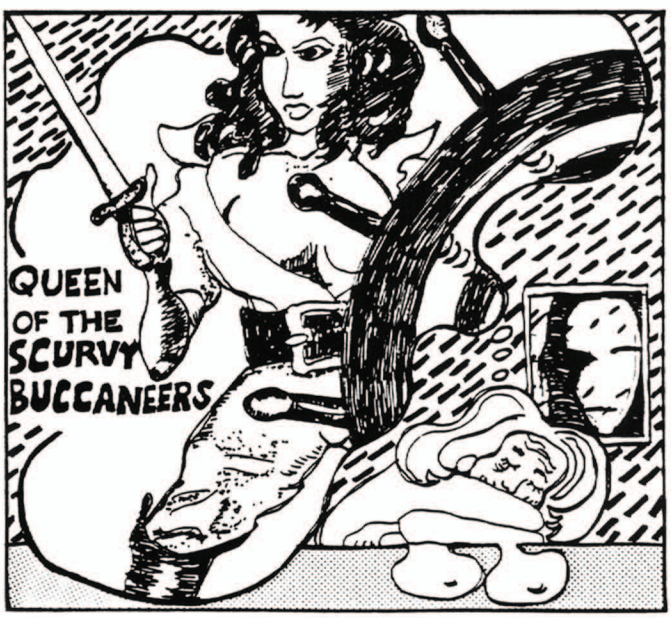
JERRI ACTRICE

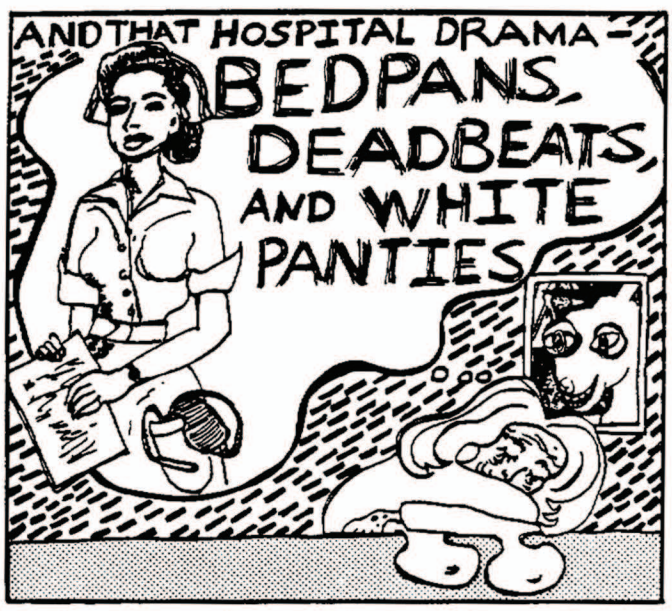
©1984 - BOB LEWIS

AS WE PICK UP THE ACTION WE FIND THE FAT AGING STAR OF STAGE AND SCREEN FINALLY SITTING DOWN TO WRITE HER MEMOIRS...
I JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START.



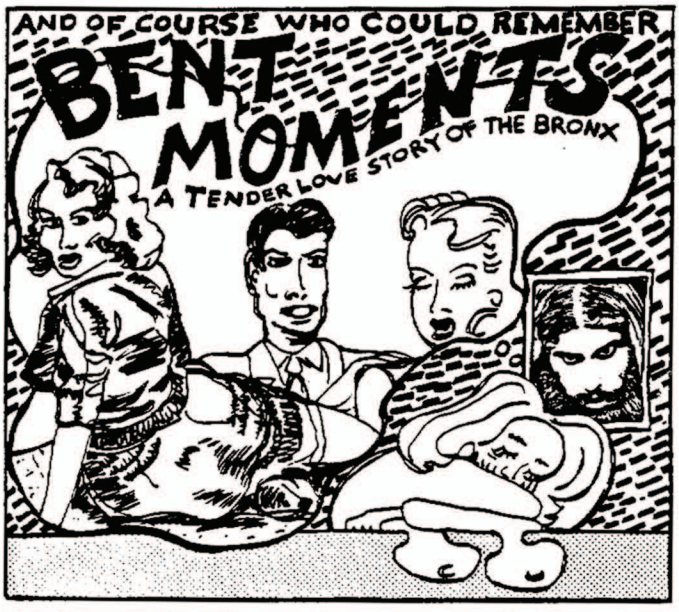


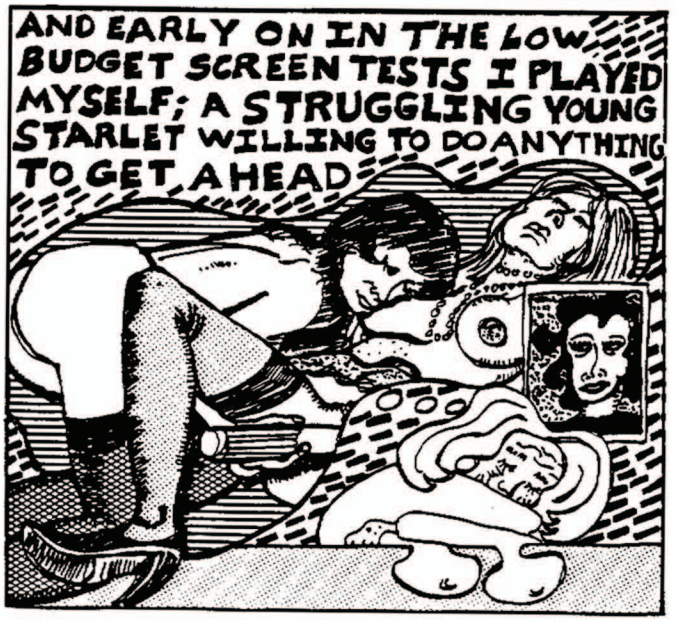



AND THAT HOSPITAL DRAMA -
BEDPANS, DEADBEATS, AND WHITE PANTIES

OH YEAH MY STINT ON THAT FAMOUS TV SOAP OPERA:
ONE SHIT AT A TIME

THEN THERE WAS THAT GREAT 1940's SCI-FI SERIAL
STELLA STARWHORED
THOSE MONKEES AND MIDGETS IN THOSE TIGHT RUBBER SUITS REALLY MADE ME HOT!


AND OF COURSE WHO COULD REMEMBER
BENT MOMENTS
A TENDER LOVE STORY OF THE BRONX


AND EARLY ON IN THE LOW BUDGET SCREEN TESTS I PLAYED MYSELF; A STRUGGLING YOUNG STARLET WILLING TO DO ANYTHING TO GET AHEAD

20 YEARS LATER AND STILL NO PROGRESS

DL '84

MR. MEGAPHONE in: "the birthday present"

by JOHN E

HEY! LOOK WHAT MY MOM AND DAD GOT ME FOR MY BIRTHDAY!
SIGH-
WOW! MR. MEGAPHONE LET'S GET BE HIND SOME BUSHES AND HAVE SOME FUN!
HEY BUDDY! IS THAT YOUR NOSE, OR ARE YOU EATING A WATERMELON?
SNICKER SNICKER!
HEY LADY! ARE THOSE YOUR LEGS OR ARE YOU RIDING AN ELEPHANT?
HAW!
US MAIL
BOW WOW WOW! RUFF! RUFF! GRR... GRRRRR!!
HAHAHAHA
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!
THIS IS THE POLICE!
JEEZ! LOOKIT ALL THE LOOT!
WE BETTER SPEND IT QUICK!
HEY! LET'S GO PLAY THE NEW MICHAEL JACKSON VIDEO GAME!
BETCHA CAN'T BEAT IT, BEAT IT!
OH, SHUT UP!
I'M SO MISUNDERSTOOD!
JOHN E '84

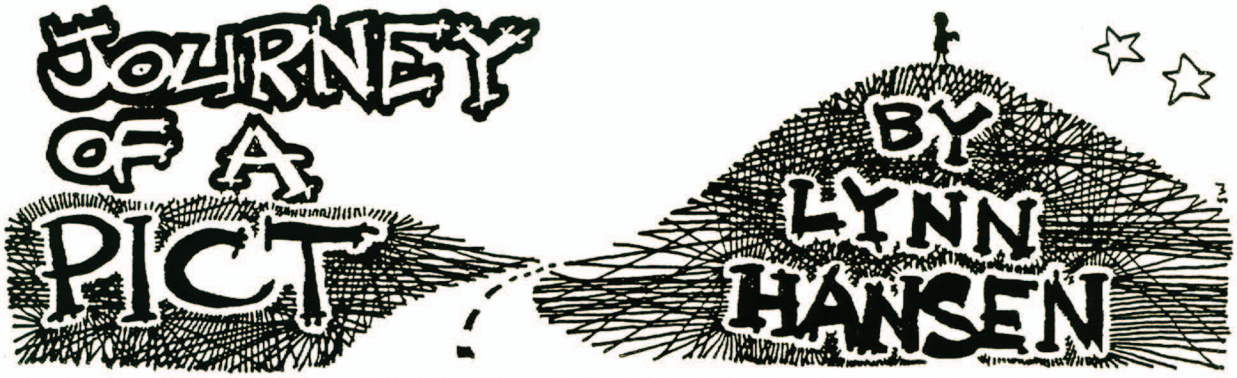
FISH FASHION FROM FRANCE

TODAY'S FANCY FASHION MINDED FAD FREAK WILL ENJOY THE NEW LINE OF FAMOUS **FISH FASHIONS FROM FRANCE.**

SHOES...

EARRINGS, BRACELETS, AND CIGARETTS...

© 1984 MICHAEL DOWERS LETTERS - J. FRIEDMAN



I. THE LIGHT BEGAN TO DISCLOSE THE DARK OF A COLD NIGHT. THROUGH THE MIST SHONE TWO EYES, YELLOW, BUT COLD. THEY SHONE WITH LITTLE CARE OF WHAT THEY SAW.

II. IT WAS TEN IN THE MORNING. THE SUN'S WARM RAYS REFLECTED BROWN AND GOLD LIGHT OFF THE EVER MOVING GRASSES, DRIED BY THE HEAT AND WIND OF SUMMER. TRAVELING THROUGH THIS EVER CHANGING PATTERN OF MATTED GRASS WAS A DARK BLACK SNAKE, WITH YELLOW STRIPES DOWN IT'S BACK. IT STRETCHED FOR MILES WITH NO CHANGE, NEVER MOVING FORWARD. OCCASIONALLY A SMALL BUG RAN ALONG IT'S BACK, BEING CAREFUL NOT TO RUN ACROSS THE YELLOW STRIPES AS IF POISONED TO THE TOUCH. THE BREEZE CONTINUED TO BLOW A COOLING TEMPERATURE THROUGH THE LAND, WHILE THE SNAKE LAY IN THE GRASS COLLECTING THE HEAT OF THE SUN FOR THE LONG NIGHT AHEAD. A SMALL SILVER BUG OF THE HARD-SHELLED VARIETY WAS TRAVELING AT A FAST PACE ALONG THE RIGHT SIDE, WHERE MANY BUGS LEFT THEIR PHEROMONES. MOVING FAST TOWARDS THE HEAD OF THE SNAKE AND THE CULMINATION OF A TRIP.

III. HE LOOKED DOWN THE HILL TO THE ROAD BELOW, WAITING FOR ONE CAR TO PASS. NOT JUST ANY CAR, BUT THE CAR THAT HAD KILLED HER. A SMALL SPORTS CAR WITH LICENSE PLATE: MGM 663.

IV. THE HEAT WAS ALMOST UNBEARABLE. BRIAN ROLLED DOWN HIS WINDOW TO LET THE AIR HE WAS PASSING BY AT 70 MPH COOL HIM OFF.

V. HE STOOD DEFIANTLY AGAINST THE BREEZE AS IF HE WERE A GOD ON THE HILL, STRETCHING HIS LIMBS AGAINST THE WIND, LETTING HIS HAIR FLY IN THE WIND GONE BY, WATCHING, ALWAYS WATCHING, AND WAITING FOR HIS TIME AND GOAL TO COME.

VI. BRIAN PULLED TOGETHER HIS LUNCH, SOME FROM THE TRUNK, SOME FROM THE ICE CHEST, PLACED A JACKET IN THE SHADE OF A LARGE WEATHERED OAK, AND ATE. BRIANS THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH MANY DARK DEEP MEMORIES OF TIMES BEFORE THE TRIP, AND AS BRIAN FELL INTO EXHAUSTION HIS MIND TRAVELED OUT TO FURTHUR REACHES OF WINE, WOMEN, AND SLEEP.

VII. HOPING HE HAD NOT MISSED HIS SELF APPOINTED MISSION, HE RETURNED TO HIS PLACE ON TOP OF THE HILL WITHOUT TRAMPING THE GRASS BELOW.

VIII. THE CAR STARTED HARD, BUT TRAVELING ONCE AGAIN, BRIAN WAS HAPPY. BRIAN'S TRIP WOULD SOON BE OVER.

IX. THERE IT WAS, A SILVER CAPRI, LICENSE MGM 663. THIS WAS IT, THE GOAL WAS IN SIGHT. HE STOOD IN ANTICIPATION LOOKING ON TO BE SURE.

BRIAN FELT HIMSELF BECOMING DROWSY. BRIAN TURNED ON THE RADIO TO HELP KEEP HIS EYES OPEN. THE SUN WAS STARTING ON ITS DOWNWARD FALL BEHIND THE HILLS ON THE LEFT, AND THERE IN THE WINDSHIELD WAS A HAND, FLAT, PRESSED FIRMLY TO THE WINDOW. ABOVE THAT WAS AN ARM LEADING OVER THE ROOF OF THE CAR. THE HAND WAS ON THE WINDSHIELD FOR A LONG FOGGY MOMENT BEFORE BRIAN'S MIND DECLOUDED AND REALIZED WHAT WAS THERE. THE NEEDLE DROPPED FROM 70 TO 0 IN TEN, AND STAYED LIKE A ROCK ON THE METAL BLOCK. BRIAN OPENED THE DOOR AND SPRANG FROM WITHIN TO THE OUTER WORLD OF A HOT EVENING. BRIAN STUMBLED FORWARD TO LOOK AT THE WINDSHIELD FINDING NOTHING.

IXb. HE LAUGHED TO HIMSELF WITH HEARTFELT ANTICIPATION OF WHAT WAS TO COME.

IXc. BRIAN STOOD AND STARED AT THE BUG-COVERED WINDSHIELD, WONDERING IF HE WAS HALLUCINATING. AFTER TWENTY HOURS OF DRIVING, IT WAS POSSIBLE HIS MIND WAS GOING OVER THE EDGE. AFTER SOME HESITATION, BRIAN PLACED HIMSELF BACK IN THE CAR, CATCHING A GLIMPSE OF A LARGE BIRD IN THE DISTANCE, THEN DROVE FORWARD TO THE CULMINATION OF HIS TRIP.

IXd. HE SAT AND PARTOOK OF THE EARTH, AND HER RUNNING STREAM GAVE HIS THIRST BACK TO THE WIND. THE ANTS CARRIED THE DEAD REMAINS OF A MOUSE THAT A HAWK HAD CLAIMED, BUT LOST UP ABOVE IN THE BLUE CONTINUUM. NATURE CONTINUED HER INTRICATE LIFE STYLE AS IF IT WERE ANY OTHER DAY.

IXe. BRIAN DECIDED AFTER THE STRANGE INCIDENT THAT A STOP IN THE NEXT TOWN WAS IN ORDER. THE NIGHT CAME AND WENT WITHOUT FANFARE OR NOTICE. SHORTLY AFTER SUNRISE BRIANS TRIP CONTINUED. ALONG THE CAR SPED, LOOKING ON NOTHING BUT BROWN AND GOLDEN FIELDS WITH LIGHT BLACK EXPANSE OF ROAD.

X. HE STOOD MILES FROM HIS FIRST SURVEILLANCE SPOT, ONCE AGAIN WATCHING, LOOKING FOR HIS PREY, WAITING.

THE LITTLE SILVER CAPRI SPED ALONG, MOVING EVER CLOSER TO ITS DESTINY.

HE WATCHED AS THE SILVER CAR MOVES ALONG THE STRAIGHT EXPANSE OF HIGHWAY, THEN ACTS. BRIAN WAS HUMMING AS IT HIT. A LOUD NOISE SHIVERED THROUGH THE CAR. BRIAN LOOKED AT HIS REAR VIEW MIRROR; SEEING NOTHING, HE TOOK A GLANCE TO THE RIGHT, THEN THE LEFT-----NOTHING. IT SOUNDED AS THOUGH A STONE HAD DROPPED TO THE ROOF OF THE CAR, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING NOW. "BAM BAM!" THIS TIME TWO, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING IN SIGHT AND THE SOUND CAME FROM THE TOP OF THE CAR, NOT FROM THE ENGINE.

"BAM BAM! BAM!", ECHOED FROM ABOVE AND THROUGH THE CAR. A MOMENTS SILENCE AS THE NEEDLE DROPPED FROM 70 TO 60. "BAM BAM!", 40 TO 10, THEN STOP. IT WAS LIKE DEJA VÜ BRIAN THOUGHT, AS HE LEPT FROM THE CAR. NOTHING--NOTHING IN SIGHT, NOT A THING, NOT EVEN ON THE ROOF. BRIAN STOOD LOOKING IN A 360° ARC, SEARCHING CAREFULLY FOR A CLUE, A SIGN, ANYTHING. NOTHING, NOT A THING. BRIAN REENTERED THE CAR, SAT AND TRIED TO PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER. AFTER A SHORT TIME THE SILVER CAR STARTED TO MOVE ALONG THE HIGH WAY, MOVED SLOWLY, BUT PICKED UP SPEED, TRAVELING ALONG MILE AFTER MILE. BRIAN LOOKED DOWN AT THE NEEDLE. IT WAS ON SIXTY-FIVE, AND HIS THOUGHTS WERE ONCE AGAIN ON SOME DISTANT TIME IN THE FUTURE. BRIAN CONTINUED ON THE JOURNEY, MOVING EVER FORWARD WITH EVERY MINUTE THAT PASSED.

THE SILENCE WAS AGAIN BROKEN BY A LOUD POUND FROM THE ROOF. THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER IN RAPID SUCCESSION, GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER WITH EVERY CRASHING, HAMMERING BEAT.

THE OCEAN WAS VISIBLE FROM THE CREST OF THE HILL AS THE SILVER CAPRI CONTINUED TO TRAVEL ALONG THE HIGHWAY, THE POUNDING STILL COMING FROM THE ROOF. BRIAN HAD FAINTED IN FEAR BUT THE CAR MOVED ALONG THE STRAIGHT HIGHWAY AT A STEADY SPEED.

XI. AS WITH TIME THE ROAD MUST EVENTUALLY CURVE. AS IT CURVES FOLLOWING THE COAST, THE SMALL SILVER CAR THAT IS TRAVELING STRAIGHT REFUSING TO CURVE WITH THE ROAD, RUNS OVER THE CLIFF INTO THE SEA. ATOP THE CLIFF THE CAR REFUSED TO WIND AROUND STANDS A MAN, HIS BLOND HAIR BLOWING IN THE WIND. THE OCCASIONAL RIPPLE OF THE MUSCLES AROUND HIS WHITE WINGS AND THE SMILE OF SATISFACTION ON HIS FACE WERE VISIBLE AS THE WAVES BEGAN TO WEAR AWAY THE PAINT FROM A MAN-MADE DEVICE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH:

CLAY GEERDES ©1984

Clay Geerdes is a true pioneer in the self-publishing "underground". He's been responsible for giving exposure to alot of cartoonists frustrated with trying to break into the more mainstream publishing world via his digest-sized zines, and hundreds of mini comix. His newsletters- COMIX WORLD, and COMIX WAVE, keep everyone who cares in touch with whats going on in the self-publishing scene...among what he refers to as "a family of friends". COMIX WORLD recently celebrated it's tenth anniversary. Clay graciously consented to the following interview, done by mail, with John E asking the questions for our MUMBLES readers...

MUMBLES: About how many people subscribe to COMIX WORLD/WAVE?
CLAY: Between 3 and 4 hundred. My high was about 476 in the early 70's. Freebies given away at cons and comic stores extend the readership quite a bit though. I know there are small circles of people in little towns all over the country who pass the single copy around.
MUMBLES: Could you estimate how many of those subscribers publish their own work?
CLAY: Must be over a hundred people self-publishing right now, but I'd say 30-40 are regular. Lots of people just do one mini to check out the form and see how they like it, then they go on to something else.
MUMBLES: Do you feel there is an audience for minis and other self-published comix outside the group of people who make them?
CLAY: Well, sure there's an audience. I think a lot depends on what is in the comic and who gets ahold of it. Since the minis contain anything, you never know what the reaction is going to be. To understand the minis, you have to think about comics as a whole. I think people who are really into comics, who really dig the form, dig cartooning, clowning around on paper; well I think these folks are going to check out everything that happens that looks like a comic or cartoon, whether it's a panel, strip, story, or graphic novel. Because the minis are an apprenticeship medium, a place where beginners try out the form, they lack the status of more polished publications; that's to be understood, and once it is, you have to ask, well, what kind of audience is interested in looking at that sort of artwork? a very small one. But the minis are not just an apprenticeship medium. They also contain artwork by people who are quite polished. A lot of pros and semi-pros contribute to the minis to show that they support the newcomers and the freedom of expression which is inherent in the newave comix. I never worry about the audience myself. It'll take care of itself. I just get the comix out and keep the machinery running smoothly. Hell, minis may take off one day and become as faddist as pet rocks or hula hoops--who knows? or cares? Those of us who do them do them because it's fun, quick, not too expensive, and makes for a nice way to exchange ideas and make friends.
MUMBLES: Besides your newsletters, you print minis and digest-size zines..would you discuss them, and explain the various ways someone can contribute to your publications?
CLAY: Anyone can contribute to the mini-comix. No restrictions to speak of. What size? The sizes are easy. Take an 8 1/2 x 11" sheet of paper and fold it in half. That is the size for the artwork for

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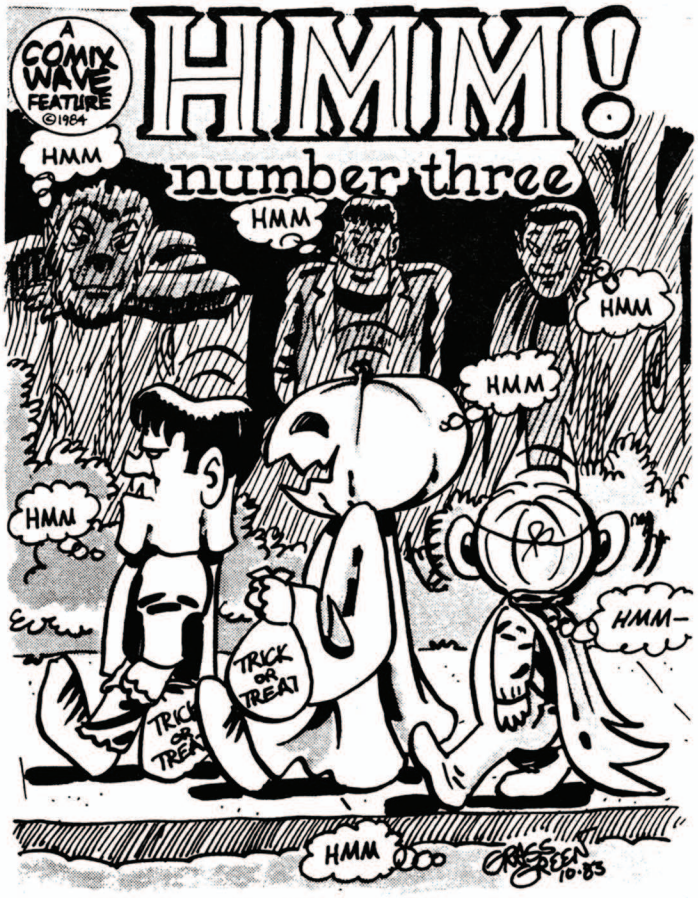
a digestzine like COMIX WAVE. Leave about half an inch margin. For a mini-comix, one more fold. Those are the sizes I need. You may draw any size you like and have a reduction sent to me. If I print something you send; I don't print everything, obviously, because I get some things that are just too poorly drawn to be printed anywhere, but any gag that is done in black ink and shows a glimmer of talent gets in one or another of my zines (regular titles being BABYFAT and Fried Brains). COMIX WAVE is reserved for more advanced artists--it has to be damned good to be considered for CW or for BGA. And you have to be a dues-paying member of COMIX WAVE ($6 a year or $11 for 2 years). The dues help pay some of the expenses on all these printing projects and give me the confidence that I'm not working with a gang of freeloaders.

MUMBLES: You've expressed irritation with comix that "kow tow to fine art", and yet you've also stated "that anything could be a comic book, and should be". Would you explain the apparent discrepancy in these remarks?

CLAY: Comix and fine art. Well, comix are fine art; on the whole, you're going to find the finest art in comic books and graphic story books, not in museums, but there is an art establishment, dominated by the rich, in this country and others, and that establishment has decided that comic art is trash. This absurd opinion, of course, dates back to the early days when the books were printed on cheap paper and sold for next to nothing on newsstands; consequently, those who equate art with how much it costs, can never see a ten cent comic as anything but junk while a Degas ballet dancer, however poorly rendered, will go for a couple of million bucks. Problem for any artist is deciding which direction to go, since in the U.S., he has to pick one. In France, there is no stigma attached to someone who draws comic albums, and many fine book illustrators do both (Moebius comes to mind.). In this country, comics tend to be lumped together, and the overall opinion is that they are trash or junk, dangerous for the kids, blah blah. David Sheridan once said, "Comix are the people's fine art." I think that about says it. There are a few cartoon museums about the country though, and I think there will be more of them in the future. The success of comic conventions and the comic store movement, direct-sales, etc. will ultimately lead in the direction of more museums and



library collections.

I don't see any discrepancy in those comments. I still think anything could and should be a comic book, but there are many who would argue with me. I think of the dealer attitude toward comics, for example. I recall one holding up a mini-comix in San Diego one time saying "I hate this shit." He saw me then and smiled and I smiled back. I loved it. You see a dealer hates the mini-comic because there is no way he's going to make any money out of it. He can promote old Fox and Fiction House comics into big bucks by hyping "good girl art" but there is nothing he can do to make the minis big bucks. They will always remain a fast-print peoples form--Everyman's art. Mini-cartoonists do what they want to do. They doodle up some ideas, run them off, and zip them into the steam of comics. They don't ask some editor at some big money company if it's all right if they print this or that idea. They do it. The minis are an immediate form, an action form, and ultimately the only completely spontaneous uncensored form extant. Hell, if you haven't got access to a xerox that will print them, you're still asking permission, because you may run into some uptight printer (as Jim

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Ryan did recently) who says your stuff is obscene and he won't print it. Later for printers who try to preach; let them soapbox in the park. I do all my own work now. Paste-ups, mechanicals, printing on the xerox 8200, everything. I probably spend four or five times what comes in on the minis and DZs, but it's my thing and I enjoy it. Love it when a new one is ready. Always have a dozen or more in the works and a list of new titles in my notebook. I have more titles than any comic company in the world. In 1983, I ran 88 mini-comix, 14 DZs, 48 newsletters, about three dozen extra columns which appeared in zines like TELEGRAPH WIRE and INSIDE JOKE, and I'm not even tired. The whole point is to keep everyone drawing, working out ideas, perfecting their craft. Some people get into the regular comics as Valentino has done with NORMALMAN, but other people join up and the newave trip keeps going stronger than ever.

MUMBLES: You often give an off-the-cuff review of a movie or movies you've recently seen in your newsletters...some motion picture scenes begin as story boards.... do you see any correlation between the medium of film, and cartooning?

CLAY: Sure, I like movies. Film and cartooning though, that's a long discussion in itself. I'm sure most cartoonists are influenced by animated cartoons, particularly these days when they have grown up seeing them on Saturday morning and afternoon t-v.

MUMBLES: What is your favorite type of film? Least favorite?

CLAY: I like most types of films. Can't stomach overly pretentious intellectual foreign imports. It can be foreign and still be shitty and imitative and boring. Hate Godard. Loved Bertolucci's films.

MUMBLES: A lot of people these days are interested in computers and computer games, especially kids...Do you think computer generated graphics have a place in the future of comix? Or is that too impersonal a trip?

CLAY: I enjoy all kinds of computers and the things they do. I don't see much of a relationship between them and cartooning, though I see there is an Atari out now that lets you draw a picture which shows on the monitor. I doubt that any of this will have much to do with comics. We cartoonists are lovers of good black ink and Bristol board. A monitor is only fun when it has something like AUTOMAN or THE FALL GUY on it. That's too much like work. Cartooning has to be fun.

MUMBLES: How do you define the term NEWAVE which you have used to label the newer generation of underground cartoonists and their work?

CLAY: Newave is anything done outside the comic art establishment, anything self-published, anything that is open to everyone who wants to draw, anything you want to call newave. The term is a leftover from the late fifties when French filmmakers were discussed as "the New Wave." I don't know who combined it first,frankly; might have been George Erling or Richard Krauss, anyone. If you have to have some blanket term, it's as good as any. I never think, "I'm drawing a newave comic" when I sit down to doodle. I just play around with an idea and see what happens. I'm sure everyone else does the same. Who has time for philosophy when there are so many gags to draw? I don't really label the new cartoonists at all. The newave encompasses people left over from the underground as well as guys just getting out of high school and starting college; it's not agist at all, though individual groups of newavers might be peers.

MUMBLES: What do you like to do for FUN?

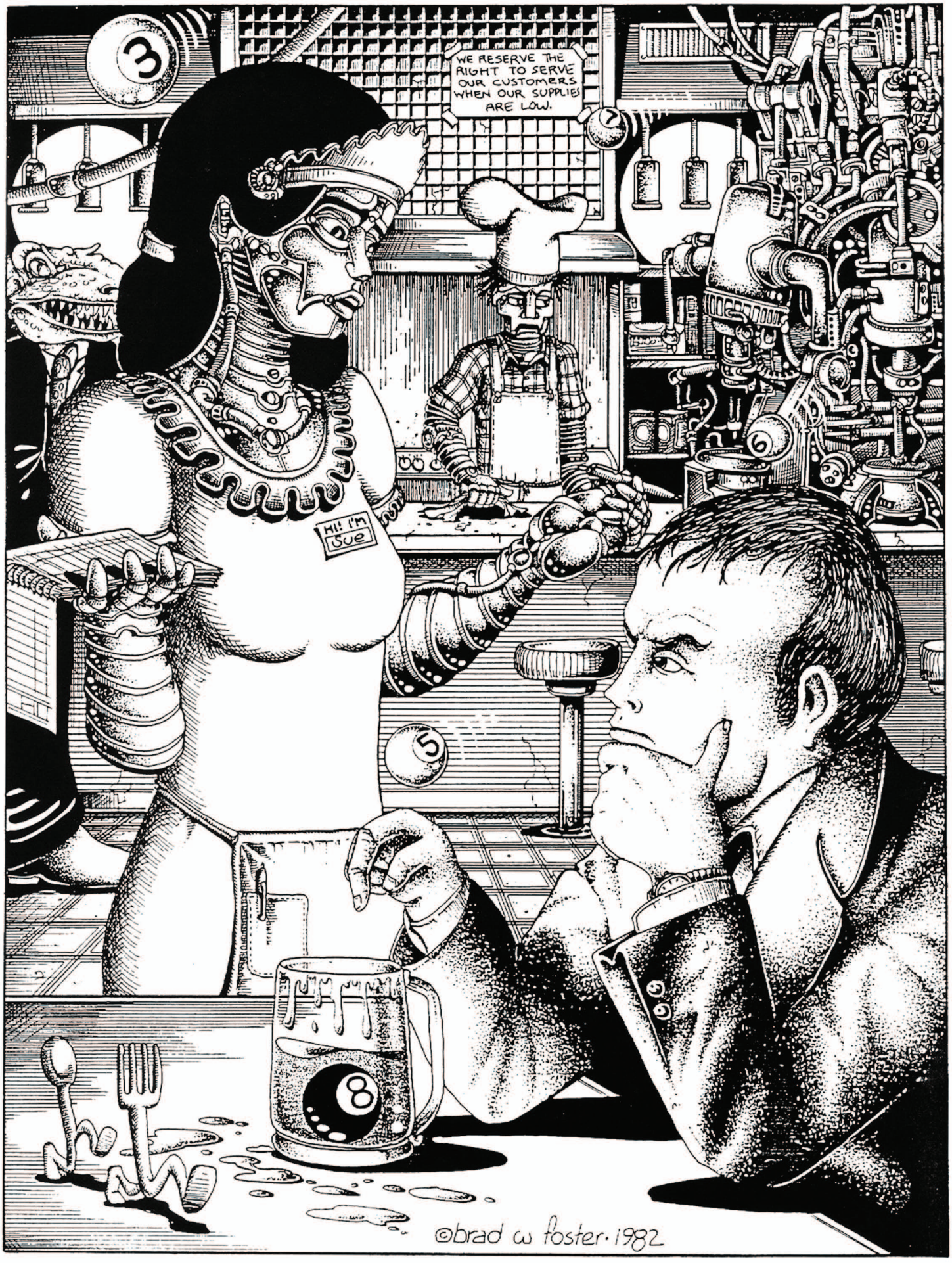
CLAY:I draw for fun. I live with a woman who has a wonderful sense of humor and it makes my day when she laughs at a cartoon I've just completed. This is a really tough question for me, because I think most of the things I do are fun. If it isn't fun, I usually don't do it. I've turned down some pretty good money over the years because what was required didn't fit in with my lifestyle. I was a teacher for about 10 years. That was fun. I always enjoyed writing stories and articles for the underground papers; that was fun (well mostly, getting teargassed a few times wasn't all that much of a giggle.). I acted and directed for awhile when I was teaching and that was fun. I'll tell you what wasn't fun--having that toothache last month. That wasn't fun. I play tennis. Am a rugby and football fan.

MUMBLES: Any closing remarks?

CLAY: Closing remarks? Yeah, enjoy yourself. Don't take life so seriously. Don't take art so seriously. If art becomes your work, you may never enjoy art. Cartooning is more fun than arting.

My latest books are COMIX WAVE 17 ($1.87 pp, 28 pages) and BAD GIRL ART 6 ($1.87 pp, 16 pages).

THE END.

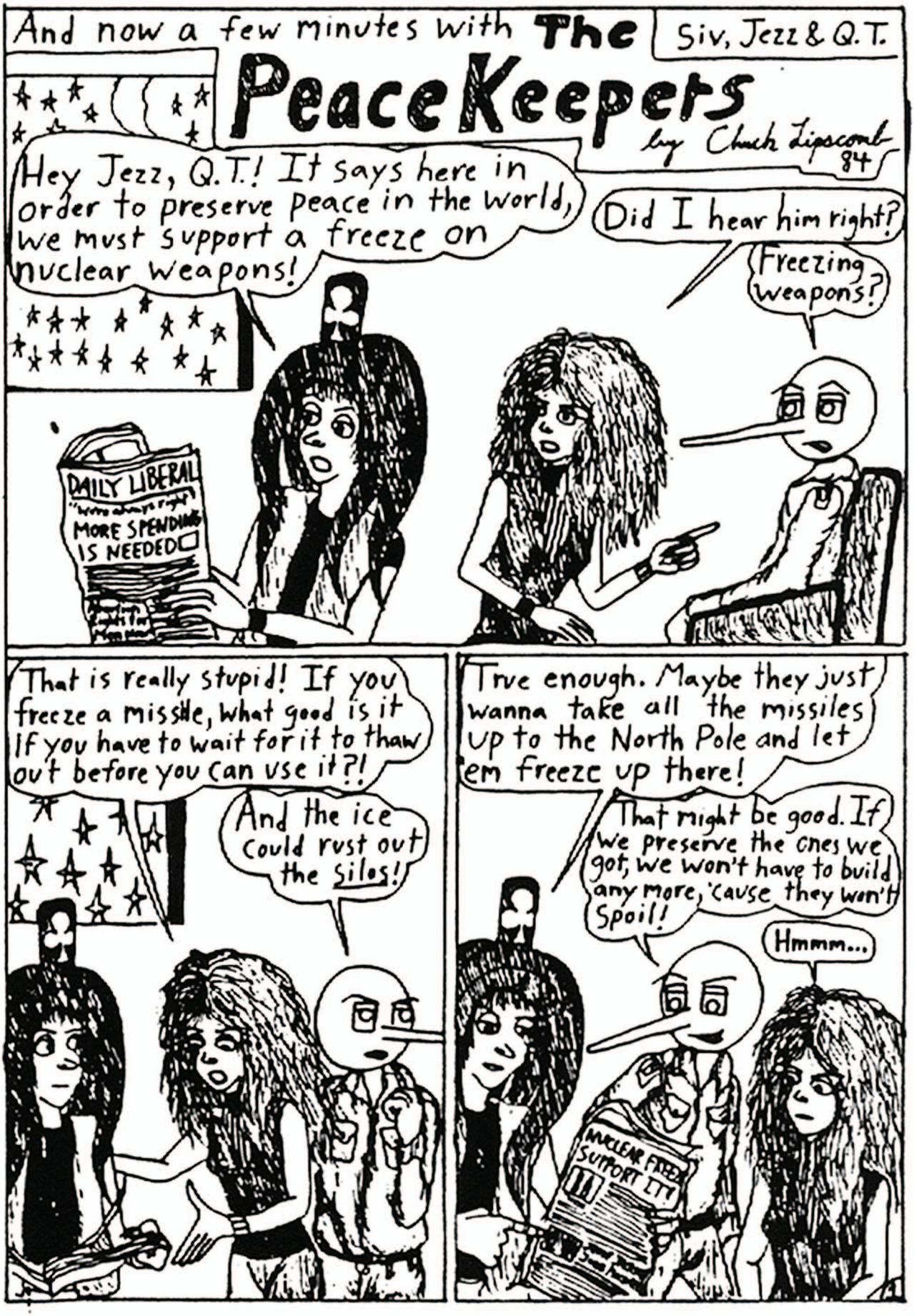

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SERVE OUR CUSTOMERS WHEN OUR SUPPLIES ARE LOW.
Hi! I'm Sue
©brad w foster·1982

1. A cat strolls across your back yard. An hour later a dog with his nose to the ground follows the footsteps of the cat. Explain this occurrence from an atomic point of view.

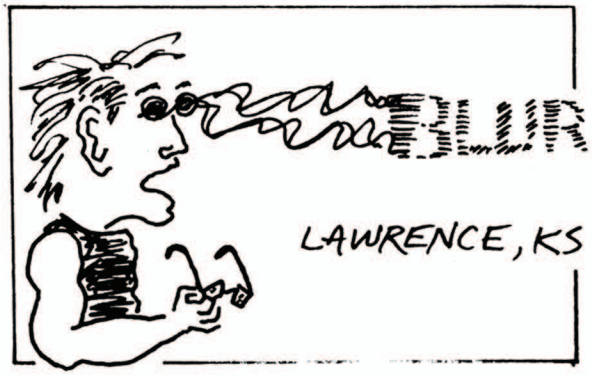
2. A sizable quantity of earth is washed down the Mississippi River and deposited in the Gulf of Mexico. What effect does this tend to have on the length of day?

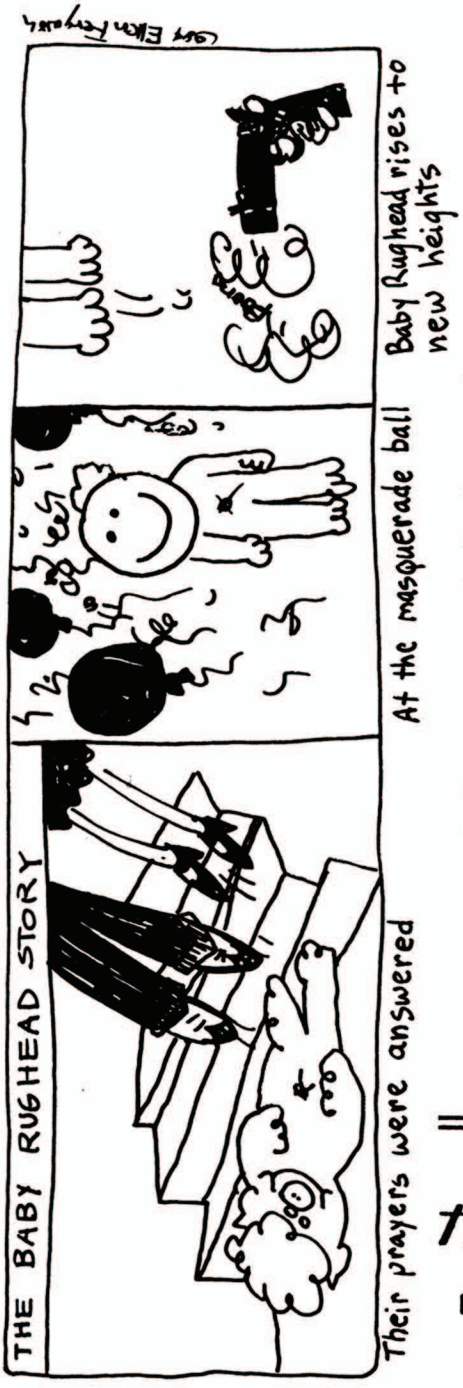
3. Strictly speaking, you weigh a tiny bit less when you are in the lobby of a skyscraper. Why is this so?

4. Why are gun barrels bored with a spiral groove to make a bullet spin when fired?


And now a few minutes with The
Siv, Jezz & Q.T.
PeaceKeepers
by Chuck Lipscomb 84
Hey Jezz, Q.T.! It says here in order to preserve peace in the world, we must support a freeze on nuclear weapons!
Did I hear him right?
Freezing weapons?
DAILY LIBERAL
MORE SPENDING IS NEEDED
That is really stupid! If you freeze a missile, what good is it if you have to wait for it to thaw out before you can use it?!
And the ice could rust out the silos!
True enough. Maybe they just wanna take all the missiles up to the North Pole and let 'em freeze up there!
That might be good. If we preserve the ones we got, we won't have to build any more, 'cause they won't spoil!
Hmmm...
NUCLEAR FREEZE SUPPORT IT!!

I can see how that preserves the missiles, but how will that preserve peace in the world?
Well, we'll get the Soviets to ship their missles along with ours. That won't be hard, 'cause they're used to cold places!
Yeah, but what about conventional weapons? This articles don't say anything about freezin' them.
Ah-Hah!
Huh?
We've been fighten' with conventional weapons fer centuries! If we freeze all the nuclear stuff, that ain't gonna stop all the guns 'n' tanks in the world. And there's no way we can get all them up to the North Pole! Just too many of 'em in the world!
Gee, I never thought of that.
Me, neither!
I think I'll quit readin' this stuff. These guys don't know what they're talkin' about!
DAILY LIBERAL
MORE SPENDING NEEDED
Chuck Lipsenthal
END





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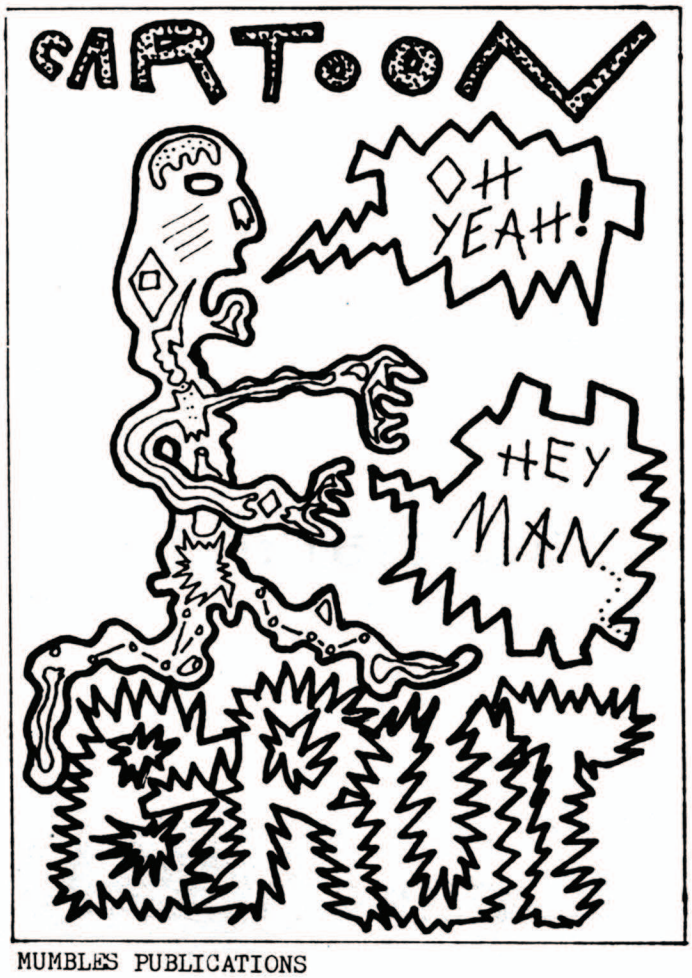

MUMBLES PUBLICATIONS

MUMBLES #1 - Out of Print, Sorry.
MUMBLES #2 - $2.50 pp./ DEAD RINGER #1 O.O.P.S.
MUMBLES #3 - $2.50 pp./ F.S.T.P. - O.O.P.S.
STEPPING RAZOR - $1.50 pp./ SHARK BAIT-oops
BARGAIN BASEMENT - oops/ CARTOON BRUT - 50¢ pp.
CARTOON BRUT #2 - 50¢ pp. Make checks to John E

TRUE PUNK ROMANCE
TWISTED IMAGE
'I WANT TO HAVE LIBERACE'S BABY'
sobs tearful Exone
ACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF LIFE MAKING SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

STEVE WILLIS PUBLICATIONS

MIKE
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-GRAPHICS-
ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF
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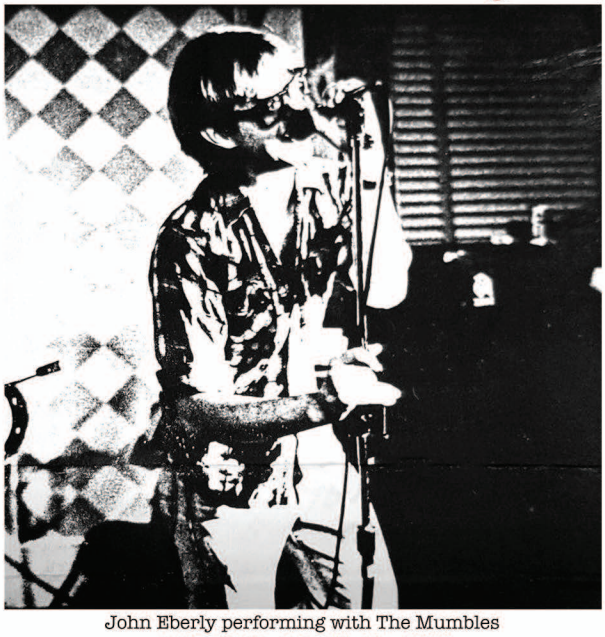
A Brief History of MUMBLES



John Eberly performing with The Mumbles
at The 3D Klubb in Wichita 1986

The original version of Mumbles was a band formed in July of 1976 by John Eberly based on his concept of a punk rock band. The original members were Richie Rich on drums, Shields on bass guitar, John E. (John Eberly) on guitar, and P. Green on vocals. The band's line-up was basically a living room R & R type band. Eberly said that "He hesitates to use the term 'Garage band,'" since all of the band members lived in utility apartments, all of which didn't include an actual garage.

The Mumbles had loose plans to ride the wave of punk music that was happening at that time and following their enjoyment of intense bands of the late 1970s. Their influences were The Ramones, Television, The Stooges, and Punk Rock forerunners The Sex Pistols. The early version of The Mumbles performed cover versions of songs originally written by The Stooges, The Rolling Stones, and more offbeat bands such as Sam The Sham and The Pharaohs.

The Mumbles band thrashed their way into obscurity; they had plans to record a one-off single record. The single's songs were to be "Down and Shout," which was backed with a B-side named "John E. Be Good." They were going to release a 45rpm record on their homemade label called "Lethal Aid Records." The recording project never got off the ground; this caused a disgusted band member Shields, to pack up and leave for Australia to start a Carp fish ranch. Then another member, Rick, got married and mellowed out of the Punk scene. For Eberly, he decided to return to art school at Emporia State to finish his painting degree. P. Green went to work at a slaughterhouse. Job positions in the meatpacking industry were prominent in Kansas.

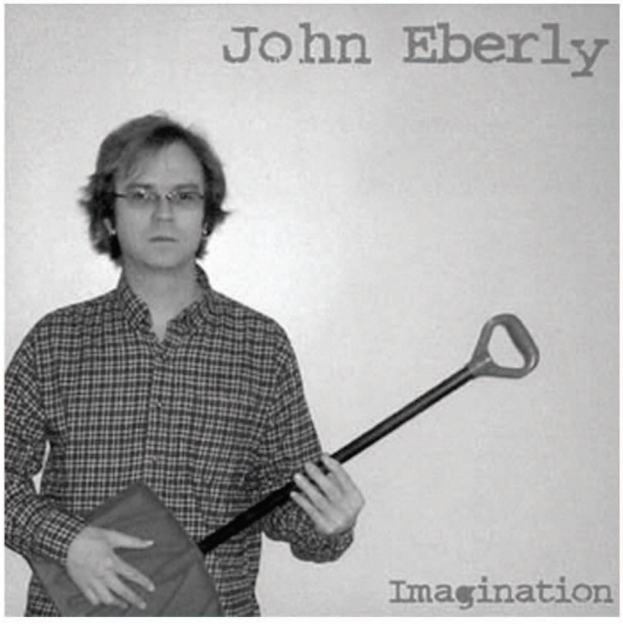
John Eberly continued writing short stories and was one of the early founders of the underground fanzine scene, homemade booklets loosely based on the San Francisco underground comics scene from the late 1960s. The fanzine community grew to a worldwide movement, proliferating based on the availability of inexpensive photocopying machines. Artists and writers could self-publish their works in small or large print runs based on whatever cash was on available, creating the layouts and bindings by hand.

In the mid-1980s, Eberly resurrected The Mumbles logo from the original version of the band and formed Mumbles Publications, which resulted in a long string of Eberly's self-published works. He became prominent in what became known as "The Mail Art Scene," where artists or writers shared their artworks globally through the postal service.

Mumbles comic book began as a solo venture for Eberly, who wrote and drew all of the issue contents for the first several issues. He invited other artists and writers from Kansas to contribute to a collaborative issue in the following issue. The following issues expanded with contributions from artists from across the country. The Mumbles Comix had a six-issue run beginning in 1984 and ending in 1990 with Eberly's final solo mini-book of bad visual puns in the form of cartoon illustrations.

In the mid-1980s, Eberly also formed a new version of The Mumbles band with Ken Haug on guitar, Date Stuke on bass, with Ron Stallbaumer on drums. This new version of the band was centered around Wichita, Kansas, performing music based on similar influences as the earlier band.

The Mumbles peroforming at the KMUW Aftermidnight Benefit BASH concert 1987



Bootleg recordings of The Mumbles band are still traded widely, with copies showing up in collector groups internationally. In current times there has been a resurgence of both mail-art and fanzines, with the original earlier publications now being collected as a historical movement by private collectors, universities, and museums. Copies of Eberly's publications can still be found worldwide and are included in The Museum of Modern Art's fanzine collection.

Special thanks to John Eberly and Mike Blur Wahweotten for their assistance in compiling this anthology.

- Demolition Kitchen Media, 2021

Eberly performing a solo set in Hutchinson 2020

Their rehearsal space was dubbed "The Shed," this name became prominently featured in some of their cassette releases' titles. The new Mumbles band had an energy and power that gained them an impressive following. Eberly's vocal styles and Ken Haug's guitar could literally shake the roof off any venue they played.

The new Mumbles band released several recordings, mostly on cassette, which was the popular format for releasing recordings at that time. They also became a staple band for Wichita's late-night college radio program Aftermidnight, performing at the annual KMUW Aftermidnight Benefit BASH. A local soundman for the BASH concerts was John McBride, who later went on to work with Garth Brooks. Years later, John McBride was impressed enough with the band to bring them to Nashville and record an album at his studio; the resulting recordings are yet to be released.

Eberly performing an Internet solo broadcast set at home in Hutchinson 2020

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